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THE BETTER LAND.

"I heard thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?—
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep song of joy:
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

From Pic Nics, &c. Stories of Ireland.

Murtough Oge, the Outlaw.

MURTOUGH OGE O'SULLIVAN was the descendant of a princely line of ancestors, whose wide possessions extended along the rock-bound shores of Bearhaven. He had just arrived to manhood—was above six feet high—and his frame combined gigantic strength with the most faultless symmetry. His immediate relations were dead, and the heritage of his fathers in the occupation of strangers. The world was all before him;—but among the various pursuits that engrossed the attention of the multitude, he saw no occupation within his reach. The sword afforded the only method of cutting through the gordian knot that bound his lot to poverty. He embarked for France—and after ten years of active service, he saw himself raised to proud eminence in the military profession, and possessed of a competence, the reward of his merit, sufficient to render his future life free and independent.

When O'Sullivan left his native country, his nearest relations there was a widowed aunt and her orphan son. At the period to which we have alluded above, this son was grown to man's estate, and, like most of his countrymen, was brave and unthinking. The practice of smuggling was then carried on to a great extent along the south and the western coast of Ireland; many of the respectable Irish families embarked in the illegal traffic; and to defraud the revenue, in the estimation of the Irish of that period, was considered a matter of boast, and certainly, by no means, of disgrace. Unfortunately for young Dennis, he became attached to a gang of smugglers.—They wanted such a leader—his great popularity in that wild district could secure them a safe asylum for their persons and merchandise; and his resolution in danger, and head-long bravery in action, were most necessary to men who had to evade the pursuit, and frequently brave the attack, of the revenue cutter on the deep, and of the excisemen, with their train of red-coats, and busy informers on land. He realised their fondest hopes. The brig he commanded was the swiftest sailer—and his perfect knowledge of the coast always enabled him to baffle the vigilance of the king's vessels, as he sought to introduce the wine and brandy of France to the palates of his countrymen. Indeed, it often happened that when the cutter gave chase, and the smuggler seemed to shorten sail, as if tired in the pursuit, or panic-struck by the occasional shot which cut along her rigging, or boomed harmless over the waves, from the deck of the pursuing cutter, that she unaccountably disappeared at the instant. The armed boat sent to explore the bay or creek where the smuggler might have sought temporary shelter, returned unsuccessful from the search. The flight and disappearance of the brig afforded strange matter of cogitation to the cutter's crew, according as their minds were imbued with education or wild superstition: those declared the matter to be wholly inexplicable; and these averred that this was no other than a phantom ship, sent by the fairies of the ocean to lure them to their doom on the fearful rocks of that iron-bound coast. A tall cliff that projected its slanting side into the sea, hid from observation the narrow mouth of a cove, within which the brig suddenly glided, and was completely land-locked. The sea-lane (if I may use the word) that led into this cove, ran obliquely between cliffs so close and precipitous, that a few brave men, couched on each side, could, without risk to themselves, destroy a dozen armed boats attempting to force an entrance, by only hurling down the loose masses of rock which surmounted the granite walls that overhung, with fearful threatening, the dark waves below. It required the utmost stretch of pilotage to guide the brig along this narrow way, for the rigging of the vessel almost touched the opposite rocks; but within, the cove afforded complete shelter. Here was also a cave, the joint effort of nature and art, in which the contraband cargo was stowed in safety, till the proper time arrived for transporting it to the different places of destination. The mouth of this cave was overflowed at high water, and led by a gentle ascent to a vault strewn with the finest sand; and the interior received light and air from a fissure in the rock above, to which art had given a funnel-like shape. This cove was the brig's place of concealment, and this cave the safe retreat of the smugglers, and the depository of their store, where they could set all the harpies of the revenue at complete defiance.

At length Dennis O'Sullivan reached the goal of his desperate career. One night, in the month of October, he prepared to escort a quantity of French brandy to a neighboring town. About ten pack horses conveyed the illicit liquor, and his party consisted of twelve stout fellows, who often before achieved a service of danger. But a person in the confidence of one of the party, who got intimation of this midnight excursion, was induced, by the hope of reward, to betray the route of the smugglers to one Puxley, a revenue officer. The road led through a rocky district, and upon arriving at a particular pass, in which the road winded round the edge of a precipitous descent, where the rough rocks rose above, and a mountain torrent foamed and fretted its winding course below, the moon suddenly showed her round orb emerging from the sea, and shedding her first faint light on the smugglers, tinged the purple cliffs that rose above them with a silver shade. Then was a human form observed to rise above the tall rocks that overhung the narrow way—he bore in his hand a long gun—his height seemed above the usual stature of men, as he drew up his figure to its full length on the high cliff, and bid the smugglers stand and surrender in the king's name.

"And who art thou," said O'Sullivan, "that presumest to utter that audacious command?"

"I am," said he, "a revenue officer; I wish to apprise you of your present situation, and thereby to prevent the effusion of blood. The road is lined with soldiers—your retreat is cut off—and you rush forward to certain destruction. I again request that you will submit to the king's mercy."

After a moment's consultation with his followers, the leader of the gang answered—

"We know the tender mercies of your king, and none of my party are yet ambitious of gracing a gibbet;—we are well armed, and the boldest of your soldiers may rue our unerring aim. At the worst it is but to die—and better to die like men, than basely yield without a struggle."

"Your blood then be upon your own heads, infatuated men," said Puxley, retiring beyond the cliff.

In proportion to the magnitude of their danger did the reckless bravery of these desperate men appear. They rushed forward, with a wild and piercing shout, in front of the horses, which might otherwise have served to screen them from the fire of the military. The next brief moment brought them in view of the soldiers, who poured an ill-directed fire upon them, for not a man fell. The smugglers fired in return—the soldiers recoiled—those pursued the advantage, till the guns of the opposing parties met muzzle to muzzle. In that hour of strife, Puxley, the revenue officer, who the moment before evinced so laudable an anxiety to prevent the flow of human blood, and who did not mingle in the fray, but lay couched on a ledge of the rock, presented his long gun at O'Sullivan, and fired with sure and murderous aim. The fatal ball pierced his side, and as he felt the mortal stroke, he sprang from the ground to a considerable height, then descending in the struggle of death, he reeled to the earth—and as his head met the flinty rock, the butt end of a musket in some ruffian hand, unnecessarily scattered his brains about. When his party saw their leader fall, they resigned all thoughts of maintaining the fray; with one wild effort they broke through the enemy, and escaping under favour of the night, left their leader and two others of their party dead, while the military had six killed, and as many more desperately wounded.

The remains of Dennis O'Sullivan were conveyed to his mother's house; and as the woe-struck woman poured her maternal despair over the remains of her unfortunate son, in the *caoine* which is usual on those mournful occasions—she besought heaven that the wild fox of the hill would lap the heart's blood of her orphan's murderer!—and the raven of the valley flap her sable wing over his lifeless carcass! This dreadful imprecation reached the ears of Puxley—filled with cruel revenge, he assembled a party that surrounded the house of the wretched woman, and set it on fire. As the flames rose through the roof, one, more compassionate than the rest, suffered the almost suffocated inhabitant to escape through a window. A cat was the only living thing that remained inside; and as the devouring flames cut off every place of refuge, the screams of the poor animal, which strongly resembled the shrieks of human despair, were heart-rending; and Puxley mistaking them for the death-cries of his human victim, ferociously exclaimed, "now the old witch may utter her curses in hell."

A year after these dreadful transactions took place, Murtough Oge O'Sullivan came to reside in his native country, and learned the sad fate of his cousin, and the cruel wrongs of his aunt, from her own lips. She urged him, on her blessing, to revenge the death of her son—and the soldier but too faithfully kept the injunction. The usual mode of seeking to slay an enemy in single combat he could not resort to, for a penal statute prohibited him the use of fire-arms, or even the sword, which was at that time worn as the common mark of gentility. But Murtough Oge, spurred on to vengeance, waylaid Puxley, and shot him through the head. The body of the revenue officer lay where it fell, undiscovered for some days; and the tradition of that district has it, that the wild fox and the raven literally fulfilled the malediction of the widow. The government immediately outlawed the murderer, and set a price on his head. He defended himself in a castellated residence on the border of the sea; and such were his personal bravery, and mode of resistance, that the numerous parties which the hope of reward had led to attempt his capture, were always repulsed. The outlaw led this precarious and desperate life for many years, in utter defiance of the legal authorities.

One night, as Murtough Oge and a few trusty friends kept watch in his strong hold, he felt an unusual depression of spirits. The fire that ere while blazed brightly on the ample hearth, now decayed in its own ashes, and the occasional light of the dying embers, as it shed a faint glare upon the tall forms and ferocious features around him, was not calculated to dispel the gloom of his heart. Plunged in a deep reverie, he brought to his mind's eye all the varied scenes of his past life—and he sighed at the sad retrospect. Among the faithful few that shared his desperate fortunes, was a harper—a last lingering child of the interesting minstrel race. This son of song had fallen upon evil days; but he found himself in the house of his natural protector, for the O'Dalys were, in the olden day, the hereditary bards of the O'Sullivan Beara.

"O'Daly," said the outlaw, "my heart is desponding and low; the music of your *clarseach* might lay the spirit of melancholy; but let your song be one of sadness, for your strains of joy must be reserved for happier hours."

The hoary minstrel took his harp, and after a short irregular prelude, he played a wild, melancholy strain, which he accompanied with his voice; and this was the burden of his song.

"Once upon a time, there lived in a strong castle, on a tall cliff by the wild sea, a chieftain; and his word was obeyed through the remotest ends of the land,—for he was the scourge of the oppressor, and the hope of the defenceless. But these noble qualities drew upon him the hatred of certain great men, who bore evil report of him to the high king; and the king gave credit to the report, and summoned the chieftain before him, to answer for his alleged crimes, but the chieftain refused to obey, for he saw that to comply would put his life in danger: and then he was outlawed, and a price set upon his head.

"Then the chieftain fortified his castle, and set watchmen in the towers, to give notice of the enemy's approach; and foiled all attempts to take him captive, till one of his own followers at last betrayed him for gold; and the enemy surprised him—and he was taken and put to death."

At this part of the song, one Scully, a confidential domestic of the outlaw's, groaned deeply. It was not a groan caused by bodily pain, but such a groan of mental agony as might be produced by the keenest sting of remorse.

"Then the betrayer of his master rose to distinction; and he became rich, and fitted out a strong ship, with which he traded to foreign ports.

"And as he was returning from a distant port with his vessel richly laden, a dreadful storm arose; the raging winds tore the sails to shreds—and the masts were shivered to splinters. The sailors manfully braved the storm, and struggled hard for life: but a cry of horror burst from the crew when they perceived a small boat ahead of the ship, in which sat a figure of fierce and threatening aspect, and eye that seemed to glare ruin on them all. This small boat glided unharmed in the storm towards the rocky shore, and the ship, by some strange attraction, followed in its wake.

"A second groan, which roused them that heard it into fearful alarm.

"As they rapidly neared the rocks, the boat that bore the spectre approached the ship, and in a voice that rose above the tempest of the deep, he threatened to sink them to the bottom of the sea, if the captain were not given up to him without delay.

"The sailors, for their own safety, bound the devoted wretch, and lowered him into the small boat; and as the dreadful spectre and his guilty victim retired through the troubled sea, the tempest abated; and while the despairing shrieks of the mortal, and the exulting yells of the spectre, pierced the vault of heaven, the boat and its freightage sunk beneath the yawning waters."

Here the feelings of Scully were excited to madness: he sprung from his seat exclaiming, "I am that murderous traitor!—I have betrayed my master, and sold the precious blood of an O'Sullivan," then falling at the outlaw's feet, and presenting his dagger, "Sheath this," he said, "in my perjured heart, and rid the world of a ruffian."

At this brief moment the trampling of feet gave meaning to Scully's incoherent language, for the house was surrounded with armed men. Its inmates were determined to fight to the last extremity, but this desperate resource was denied them. The villainous Scully, whom the strangely coincident song of the bard had roused to a horror of his treachery, had betrayed his master, and rendered all the fire-arms useless by soaking their contents with water. Here we are enabled to record an act of devoted attachment on the part of the outlaw's fosterer, whose name was likewise O'Sullivan. In this hour of peril he generously resolved to procure his master's safety by his own death. Having attired himself in the usual dress of the outlaw, he rushed, sword in hand, against the soldiery—every musket was levelled at the brave man, and he fell beneath a shower of bullets. The work of destruction was but begun—the house was set on fire; the inmates in their attempt to escape from the flames, the leaden messengers of death arrested their farther flight. No trace of the miserable Scully was ever after found; and it is supposed that his despair induced him to perish in the flames. As Murtough Oge himself attempted to escape at a private outlet, a gentleman of the neighborhood, who guided the troops thither, lying in wait near the spot, and recognising the noble figure of the fugitive, shot him through the heart. The principal actors in this affair now prepared to convey the outlaw's remains to Cork, and a passage by water was deemed the most eligible mode of reaching that city. A boat was accordingly procured, but owing either to the hatred of the unfortunate Murtough Oge, or to some superstitious observance, or perhaps to a union of both, they would not permit his bloody corpse on board; but the body was bound with a rope to the stern of the vessel, and in that manner trailed along the deep from Bearhaven to Cork. On arriving thither, his head was fixed on the jail of the south gate, and the headless trunk exhibited for many days to the greedy gaze of the multitude, and finally thrown into a pit. Such was the end of Murtough Oge O'Sullivan. His fine natural endowments and social qualities would have dignified any station; but his lot was cast upon evil days, and in the pursuit of revenge, he spurned the laws of God, and incurred the vengeance of that government, within whose iron grasp he met his untimely fate.

From the Boston Commercial Gazette.

"I SEE THEE STILL."

—"I rocked her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest*
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie? The younger ne'er grow old.
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them; and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them."

I see thee still!
Remembrance faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear,
In every scene to memory dear,
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
In every hallowed token round,
This little ring thy finger bound;
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided;
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me;
This book was thine—here did'st thou read;
This picture—ah, yes, here, indeed,
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favorite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber—here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here on this bed, thou last didst lie—
Here on this pillow, thou didst die;
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold;
As then I saw thee pale and cold,
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot claim th' immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust;
But goodness dies not in the dust;
Thee! oh my sister! 'tis not thee,
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone;
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still!

From the Army and Navy Chronicle.

A CHASE AND ESCAPE.

The Argus was on her return from a successful cruise on the coast of Brazil, at the close of 1812.—She left that station with provisions and water for about thirty-five days, on three-fourths of a ration. In passing near Bermuda, where we hoped to meet with one of the many small cruisers of the enemy with which we might cope, at day light, one morning, a large schooner was discovered a-head to the weather beam of the Argus, the wind from the NE. The stranger, on perceiving the brig, bore up under easy sail to reconnoitre; she approached with caution, her foresails in the brails, flying jib down, and top-gallant sail furled. After nearing us sufficiently to show us she was a cruiser, and probably not liking our appearance, she hauled upon a course parallel to ours, to try the comparative rate of sailing. The Argus affected not to notice her, but jogged on by the wind with a top gallant breeze. We were under the impression she was a British cruiser, and hoped to draw her nearer by an apparent carelessness. The schooner soon found her forcsail necessary, then flying jib, next to her top-gallant sail; in fact, all she could bear. The Argus was now at her best play, and evidently drew ahead. The schooner tacked; the brig was about as soon as she was; and now commenced the trial. We had trimmed by the schooner while she was on our beam. The Argus was now doing her best, not only head reaching but "eating her out of the wind." The chase, finding it would not do on long stretches, tried "short tacks to windward." The brig followed her motions; both vessels under as much canvass as they could bear. Had no accident occurred, we should have been along side in the course of the day. We, however began to suspect her to be an American privateer, from her sailing and the manner in which she was handled.* She did not show any colors, though we did. In the mean time, the man of the mast head reported "three sails on the lee bow." We immediately took leave of the schooner, much to the comfort of all on board, for we had pressed her so hard, and compelled her to drag so much canvass, that her sails were nearly up to her gaffs, and jib near to its heart. The Argus was kept off; a little sheet given her, and a pull of the weather braces. Being thus relieved she darted off like a dolphin.

On nearing the chase, we discovered them to be three ships standing for us; the largest a long distance ahead and to windward of the others. We now hauled up to pass the windward, to look at the side of the nearest, which was soon discovered to resemble too nearly a chequer board for our use. The Argus had shortened sail on her weather bow, and was passing to windward "to see and be seen." The stranger evinced a disposition to become acquainted, and to coax us (for we saw we were coy) hoisted an American broad pendant and ensign. We immediately hoisted English colors; our accommodating neighbor did the same; the Argus then showed a French flag, and now, as if to show us he was *en verite* a Frenchman, he hoisted French colors, and made to us a signal. We did not profess to be French scholars, so without farther delay we showed him the stars and stripes. By this time we had passed her beam; the stranger put his helm down; the Argus made sail, and "well was her need;" the moment the enemy (for now she showed her true colors) was about on the same tack, she gave us all her weather guns that would bear; some passed over mast head, others ahead and astern; they were fired, it is probable, at a considerable elevation, and our sails suffered very little. The breeze however, was steady, and we soon dropped her out on our lee quarter; it was now late in the afternoon. Shortly after sundown, the wind began falling light; toward 8, P. M., baffling; the brig was "chapled" several times, which brought our chaser, for we had now changed characters, in our wake. The wind now fixed at W. S. W., the brig was at N. W.; the enemy two points on our weather quarter, coming down free with her larboard top-gallant steering sails set. We kept a good "rap full," in hopes of crossing her bow, but it would not do; she neared us rapidly; we then kept off, and set top-gallant steering sails also. To add to the uncomfortableness of our situation, the moon was full; no chance for a dodge. She now was gaining on us slowly; the moon shone full on her sails, and made her appear as if she would run her flying jibboom into our main-top sail. No smuggler or wrecker ever more devoutly wished the moon extinguished than did the crew of the Argus. At length she tried a starboard bow gun, the shot went singing through the air, and struck the water ahead of us.

The times were now becoming extremely interesting; the signal book was brought up, and deposited with solemnity in its leaden coffin, placed on the capstan, ready to be committed to the deep, with the last expiring hope of the Argus. In the mean time, a dark heavy cloud had been rising in the N. W. (right ahead) the harbinger of an approaching squall; it rose rapidly, and with it our hopes; the pursuing enemy astern firing at intervals at our spars, the squall threatening ahead. In this dilemma all eyes were turned alternately on the Dragon, (the name of the ship,) as we afterward learned, then on the squall; it was a time of intense anxiety; it was our only chance. The wind and rain were now heard coming on the water, all was ready to shorten sail in an instant, but we must carry to the last moment. The light sails and top-gallant sails are in, the squall has struck us, the main sails are off her, top sails down, afterward hauled, foretack and sheet risen, and the brig paying off rapidly to port; the boat yards are now braced round, and the Argus is rattling off free on the starboard tack. The master sprang to leeward to look at the position of the enemy, and called out "port, or we shall be on board of her." The brig was brought up as near as the force of the wind and half-trimmed sails would permit; the cloud had now reached the edge of the moon, which shone full on our enemy as we darted across his bow. The order "hard up," let go top-sail halyards, the rattling of her blocks, the thrashing of her sails, half up, half down, (for the squall now had her,) were distinctly heard. She payed off on the larboard tack, and we now departed. Our topsails were reefed, things got snug, and we piped down.

At daylight, next morning, it was calm; a sail was reported right astern; in a short time she was made out a large ship coming up with a fine breeze, steering sail on both sides. The hands were turned up, all sail made, sweeps out and manned, top-men aloft wetting sails to woo the lightest breeze. At eight she was coming up, bringing a bone in her mouth, and the breeze apparently but a few yards before her jib-boom. Not a breath of air with us; things looked serious; the signal book was again prepared in its leaden jacket to be

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

The Dragon now felt confident of her prey; she opened her bow guns; the case was well nigh hopeless, but our sticks were all standing and not a ropeyarn cut. The breeze now reached us; the sails trimmed ready to receive it, the brig bobbed her nose, then raised it, and squatted aft, and away she went, her tiller making the well known sound which told us she was not going slow through the water. The sweeps were rigged in, and now sped the winged messengers designed for our spars. Reader, did you ever see certain birds in a thunder storm, turn up the corner of their eye most inquiringly to the point from whence the sound seemed to proceed? So were the eyes of the Argus toward the spars, as a missile would boom its way past them. Legs and arms were all our dependence: so long as they remained, we felt tolerably safe, for close to the wind, or with it on one mast, nothing could touch her. Our enemy slackened her fire as we drew from her, and we now began to take a long breath, the faces that had been considerably elongated, now began to assume their natural dimensions; Jack began to hitch up his trowsers, and turn his quid with much self gratulation. But our joy was short lived; the cry of "sail ho!" is heard from the mast head. To the rapid interrogatory, "how does she bear?" the repose was "one point before the starboard beam:" all eyes and glasses were turned in that direction, when again "sail ho!" "how does she bear?" "on the larboard beam."

The one on our starboard side now loomed up like a white cloud, all steering-sails set on her larboard side. The Argus was hauled up gradually to port, and starboard lower steering-sail taken in—The sail on the larboard side now showed up with all steering-sails on her starboard side; they appeared at first, more intent on joining the ship astern than the Argus; but guns and signals from her, caused them to keep off more and join in chase of the brig. They were now abaft our beam; in this state of things, "sail ho!" was again sounded; and to the prompt "how does she bear?" the expected reply was listened for with deep interest, and when it was announced "two points on the larboard bow," a sort of sound between a *humph* and a *grunt* escaped from all, conveying as plain as words, "worse and worse." The master was ordered aloft with his glass to ascertain the character of the last discovered vessel; of the others we were perfectly satisfied. The captain intending, of the four evils to choose the *least*, so as to effect an escape, it would be necessary, perhaps, to pass within gunshot of one of them. The master reported the stranger was by the wind on the starboard tack, and could not fetch us, and that she was not over the rate of a sloop of war.

The Argus continued her course, her guns cleared away, men at quarters on the larboard side; an English ensign was displayed; the approaching vessel shewed the same; we were nearing fast; she backed her maintop sail, and as we shot across her bows, we shifted our colors, and discharged our broadside. The number of men on her bows and quarters, which we saw as well as her side, could be seen, showed us she was an armed transport. She continued with her sails dying some time after we had passed her.—We were now dropping our pursuers; at sunset they were a long distance astern, the two-decker nearest. At about 8 P. M. we made a prize; sent a boat on board, and while busy shifting crew, &c., we were aroused by the report of a gun and the splash of a shot under our lee quarter. The enemy had neared us unperceived; the wind had been veering, which brought her, fortunately, on our lee quarter. No time was lost; our boat was up, and the Argus again flying from her persevering pursuer.—Toward midnight the enemy was no longer in sight; we kept off gradually (it was now cloudy) until about 4 A. M. The Argus was now under double-reefed topsails, standing to the northward and westward. The master had the morning watch; the officer he relieved informed him he had a sail on the weather beam, that he had reported it, and the orders were to keep a look out for her.

On examining the state of the binnacle, the officer of the watch was convinced it was our old acquaintance. Day was now beginning to dawn. The hands were sent up on the yards ready to turn out reefs; topgallant sails ready to let fall, halyards and sheets led out; stops ungled on the steering sails; every thing ready to pursue or to fly. The officer of the watch was on a weather gun, with a bright eye to windward, a heavy cloud near the horizon broke, and our watchful enemy stood revealed. She had set topgallant sails over double reefed topsails, was coming down on our beam, and very near. Our hands were up, reefs out, topgallant sails and steering sails were set, with the rapidity (I had almost said) of thought. The enemy began firing, and making sail—the wind blew in squalls, which she would take first, and come nearly up to us. We were now compelled to lighten, by clearing out all lumber from the hold, staving and heaving over board our deck boats, and every other weight; the signal-book was not forgotten, but was laid out for a watery grave. After many vicissitudes of squall and lull, in the former she would almost come up, until we took our share, which would enable us to increase the distance between us. One now came on, more violent than those preceding. All stood in breathless suspense, with eyes turned toward the direction of our pursuer, (now hid for a moment by the rain which accompanied it,) expecting to see him alongside—but a happier fate awaited the Argus. The squall blew off, and showed us our heretofore persevering pursuer with her top-gallant mast gone; her topsails on the cap, standing on the starboard tack, reefing. We shortened sail, hauled up on the larboard tack, with close reefed-topsails. As we crossed her stern, she hoisted colors; we did the same and parted by mutual consent, though with far different sensations.

Now came the worst. During the excitement of the chase, one feeling engrossed every bosom; but now it had worn off, and starvation stared us in the face. Our allowance (all shared alike) was one pint of water, four ounces of bread, four ounces of beef, (rice and beans we ate raw as we had no water to cook them) after a number of days of intense suffering, (particularly to the improvident, who would drink all their water at a single draught,) several dying from want, we made the Highlands, near New York. Night was coming on, it was early in January, the wind from S. E. with drizzling rain. We ran along the beach, in sound of the surf, fired for a pilot, but in vain. All that night did officers and men remain on deck, and lick the guns and the woodwork of the capstan, to cool their tongues. Next morning a small sloop, groping her way in shore, ran alongside without seeing us. From her we procured some eatables and a little water; took her in tow, her master acting as our pilot. The first land we saw was in the Narrows. We ran up to the city and anchored, with *one quart of water per man* remaining on board.

To conclude a long story, the frigate United States was there, with her prize, the Macedonian. The boarding officer, learning our condition, on his return to his ship sent their dinner, already prepared to us. The surgeon gave sage counsel, as to the danger of indulgence. We sat down; our knives and forks were again in requisition; the doctor's *example* was more congenial to our tastes than his *precept*. Now and then he would *obtain* a hand *positive*, but we were followed so soon by "another piece of turkey," or "another slice of beef," that admonitions and cautions were lost upon us. Jack was under control, for it was a week before he was allowed full swing. As he would wipe his knife on the leg of his trowsers, and look at the empty kids, he would shake his head, and swear "twas bad enough to be on allowance at sea, but rather too bad in port."

The only inconvenience was experienced from indulgence was high fevers, from which we all recovered, and in a few days, gave our troubles to the wind, and were ready to try it again.

The translation of sinners, "from the power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son," is the joy of Christians, and the admiration of angels.

* She proved to be the privateer Gov. Tompkins; she was compelled to throw her guns overboard in the chase, and arrived at New York the day after, or the day after.

ANECDOTES OF DUELLING.

Extracted from "My First Fight—a Chapter on Duelling," in the Literary Souvenir for 1838, edited and written by W. E. Burton.

Two backwoodsmen, in the vicinity of the Tittibi-wasse, in Michigan, were hunting in the woods, and found a cow that doubtless had strayed from some unfortunate settler. The rival claims to the beast produced a quarrel, and the friends of the parties worked it up to a pretty big chunk of a fight. They had no weapons but the rifle and the hunting knife—but to make the affair perfectly honorable, it was agreed that the combatants should be placed over night in a couple of newly built log houses erected within ball-range of each other. Plenty of ammunition was to be supplied, but the firing was not to commence before sunrise and to cease after sundown. The rival cow-claimers were at liberty to storm each other's hut, or to remain ensconsed behind the open logs, for the mud had not been applied to the crevices, but all animosity was to cease with the daylight; if either of them received a wound, the other was to be considered the better man, and to have the undoubted ownership of the cow. If neither were hurt, the animal was to be sold, and the proceeds divided between the combatants, deducting the expenses of a general treat. The winner of the toss for first choice of shanties, selected the building in the north-eastern corner of the lot, leaving his antagonist to fix himself in the other, which occupied the south-western. His friends rated him soundly for the apparent silliness of his choice, and declared that he would have the sun in his eyes for the longest part of the day. The backwoodsmen took their places; our friend of the first choice barricaded the door of his hut, and throwing himself on the floor, slept soundly through the night. At day-break his antagonist began to blaze away at every likely crack, or available chink, but was not favored with a shot in return. He was afraid to venture on storming his enemy's entrenchment, lest he should be picked off when out of shelter. The sun was rapidly descending in the western sky, when the back-woodsman, who had hitherto been silent, cautiously raised his head from the protection of the bottom log, and made an observation. As he had cunningly anticipated, the sun was completely behind his antagonist's hut, and shining through the crevices of both the walls, developed the interior to his gaze. He saw the shadow of his rival's body in the middle of the luminous cracks of the western side of the hut—the first shot took effect—and he won the victory and the cow.

Many a life has been saved by the exertion of a little presence of mind, when the circumstances would have made even hope despair. An Irish author, either Grattan or Sir Jonah Barrington, states that an acquaintance received a deadly insult, and challenged his man to fight a duel with the muzzles of the pistols inserted in each other's mouths. They met, and were placed in the position agreed on, breast to breast, awaiting the signal. Our second was about to give the word, when the other pitying the situation of his friend, called out, "Jack, look here." Jack turned his head at the summons just as the fatal word was given; his adversary's ball went through his cheek, doing him little hurt, but his fire had been effective, and his rival dropped at his feet.

A duel lately took place at a hotel in France; it was an affair of most inveterate hatred, necessary to be settled that instant; each person was to place his pistol to his antagonist's breast, and both were to fire at a given signal. One of the combatants requested permission to retire for three minutes, for the purpose of putting his name to his will which was unsigned in his room up stairs. He returned at the expiration of the time appointed, and killed his antagonist, whose fire he received without material injury. The leisure granted by the courtesy of his opponent's second he had employed in putting on four or five silk vests; he was perfectly aware that the bullet could not penetrate the web, and he escaped with a slight contusion.

In England, the practice of duelling is rapidly on the decline; and in France, a decree has been made, assigning life annuities to the widows or orphans of fallen duellists, to be paid by the respective adversaries. This custom will shortly stop the fashion of fighting for trifles, the honor of the quarrelsome will not be so sensitive when its vindication affects the pocket.

Shortly after the restoration of Louis the XVIIIth to the throne of the Bourbons, an English officer was dining at the Restaurant Les Freres Provencaux, in the Palais Royale. A chief d'escadron, belonging to a regiment of chasseurs, was dining in the same box. Both of the officers were drinking the same sort of wine, and, in mistake, the Englishman used the wrong bottle. An altercation ensued—the Englishman apologized, but the chasseur gratified his national antipathy by indulging in gross and violent invectives. The Englishman about to retire, had poured out his last glass of wine; but justly incensed at the Frenchman's abuse, threw the liquid into his face. The chasseur hurled a bottle at his opponent's head, and, in return, was knocked over the table. Such an outrage could only be washed away by blood—but it was a dark night, and the impatient Frenchman demanded instant satisfaction.

Duelling had been strictly forbidden within the purlieus of the court. To obviate this difficulty it was proposed by one of the by-standers that messieurs should retire alone to a private room—that a brace of pistols should be procured, but only one of them should be loaded. That the combatants should toss for the first choice—the person winning the toss to have a handkerchief tied over his eyes, and to be led to the table whereon the pistols were laid—the first pistol touched by him in his choice, to be his weapon in the duel.—That the muzzles of the pistols be then turned towards their own heads, and the holder of the loaded pistol would blow out his own brains.

This method of defeating the court regulation was agreed to by both parties; they retired to a small room in the attic story, and by the light of a small wax candle loaded the pistols. The choice was fairly made; the chief d'escadron won the privilege of first selection, and with the impetuosity of his nation, had no sooner obtained the pistol than he dashed the muzzle against his brow and pulled the trigger. He had selected the uncharged pistol! The Englishman calmly said, as he thrust the ramrod into the barrel, "I believe I have the right one."

After a pause, distressingly severe, he inquired of the Frenchman if he had any children?

"I have."

"So have I: a wife and seven children—may God shelter and protect them, for they are their earthly stay. May I encroach upon your feelings for the allowance of one hour to settle my affairs, and write my beloved ones a last farewell?"

"I will give you all your life!" said the gallant Frenchman, "and beg to retract my illiberal aspersions on your brave nation. I feel that I have been to blame; accept my apologies, and let us be friends forever. Yes! you must live for me; for your amiable lady, and for your children, who are so dear to you."

"I thank you, sir," said the Englishman, with a formal bow, "but, by the laws of the duello, my life is justly forfeited, and you will find me not neglectful of my honor."

Early in the morning the chasseur received a letter, informing him that when he perused it the writer would be no more. He regretted that imperious necessity had compelled him to be so long in arranging his affairs, and begged *the kind remembrance of his friend!*

It seems that when the Englishman had written this letter, he had gone quietly to bed, where, by his orders, had first been placed; and after half an hour's repose, this victim to imperious honor, had blown his brains out. The Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, and said it was a pity, for he was *un homme brave*.

An affair of honor may sometimes be turned into ridicule by the agency of the second, who, not deeming the cause of sufficient importance for the shedding of blood, descends the little step of division and between the fearful and the foolish burlesques the whole proceeding. In a case of this description in Ireland, the enraged combatants turned suddenly round, and shot their *friend* and second through the heart.

In the latter part of the last century, a duel was fought in England, which, for the high rank of the parties, attracted considerable attention. Col. Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, the head of the house of Stuart, conceived himself insulted by the Duke of York, the second son of the King of England, and commander-in-chief of the army. Court etiquette and military discipline prohibited a chance of an honorable adjustment; but the Duke, before all the officers assembled on parade, informed Col. Lennox that he disclaimed to shelter himself beneath his rank as Prince, or to seek protection in his military dignity. A meeting took place, the Colonel's shot rumpled the side curls of the Duke, and amicable explanations ensued. The nation boasted of the courage of its officer in challenging the Duke, and of the Duke's condescension in giving the required meeting. It now appears that the pistols used in this memorable duel were loaded with *bullets of cork!*

What an insult to the blood-bolstered code of honor that drove the colonel to the field!

A comedian of some reputation lately hoaxed a blustering fool of a fellow, who had been bragging of conquests that he never made, and exhibiting love letters from ladies who never existed. One of the invented names, Thomson, was attached to a series of letters of the most ardent and romantic nature. Wealth, person, heart, were all offered for his acceptance; he publicly displayed the supposed evidences of his success; described the tender Thomson as a romantic heiress of sweet sixteen, and supposed that he must run away with the little love-sick devil, or he should never have any rest from her importunities.

His acquaintances suspected that the letters had been manufactured by the braggart himself. The actor undertook to punish his impudence and conceit, and sent him a letter from John Thomson, senior, calling the lover to a severe account for secret correspondence with his daughter, a maiden under age. The boasting Adonis was alarmed—Thomson was a title of some frequency in the directories—and he believed that he had accidentally hit upon a coincidence in name and circumstances. He consulted the actor, and commissioned him to render any possible apology, but the imaginary Thomson was implacable; and the terrified wretch consented to settle the dispute in field rather than confess he had invented the whole story, and fabricated the delicious *billets doux*.

The actor prevailed upon two comrades to personate papa Thomson and his second. Shots, from barrels guiltless of bullets, were exchanged; and Thomson fell to the earth shot through the head—so the letter writer thought, when he beheld the face of his antagonist covered with blood, and heard him shriek and groan as he writhed upon the ground in mortal agony. The comedian, who acted as the second of the boaster, led him from the ground, and concealed him in the garret till nightfall. He was then informed that Thomson had gone defunct—that the coroner's inquest had returned a verdict of wilful murder, and that a large reward was offered for his apprehension. The poor wretch was frightened out of his wits; and by the advice of the player, agreed to hide himself in a crazy hay loft, and depend upon the chances afforded to the other of bringing him provisions unperceived.

He was compelled to endure this solitary confinement and hard living for several days as a punishment for his vanity and lies. The actor, with his co-mates who had personated Thomson and his second, accompanied a host of the victim's acquaintances on a visit to the stable one morning, when the unwashed and unshaven Adonis was liberated. An explanation ensued; he was compelled to confess his delinquencies—and being suffered to depart from the city, was never seen again.

From the Clockmaker, &c. a new work.

Setting up for Governor.

I NEVER see one of them queer little old-fashioned tea-pots, like that are in the cupboard of Marm Pugwash, said the Clockmaker, that I don't think of Lawyer Crowningshield and his wife. When I was down to Rhode Island last, I spent an evening with him. After I had been there awhile, the black house-help brought in a little home-made dipt candle, stuck in a turnip sliced in two, to make it stand straight, and set it down on the table. Why, says the Lawyer to his wife, Increase, my dear, what on earth is the meanin o' that? What does little Viney mean by bringin in such a light as this, that aint fit for even a log hut of one of our free and enlightened citizens away down east; where's the lamp? My dear, says she, I ordered it—you know they are a goin to set you up for Governor next year, and I allot we must economise or we will be ruined—the salary is only four hundred dollars a year, you know, and you'll have to give up your practice—we can't afford nothin now.

Well, when tea was brought in, there was a little wee china teapot, that held about the matter of half a pint or so, and cups and sarcers about the bigness of children's toys. When he seed that, he grew most peskily ryled, his under lip surled down like a peach leaf that's got a worm in it, and he stripped his teeth and showed his grinders, like a bull dog. What foolery is this? said he. My dear, said she, it's the foolery of being Governor; if you choose to sacrifice all your comfort to being the first rung in the ladder, don't blame me for it. I didn't nominate you. I had no art nor part in it. It was cooked up at that are Convention, at Town Hall. Well, he sot for some time without sayin a word, lookin as black as a thunder cloud, just ready to make all nature to crack agin. At last he gets up, and walks round behind his wife's chair, and takes her face between his two hands, he turns it up and gives her a buss that went off like a pistol—it fairly made my mouth water to see him; thinks I, them lips aint a bad bank to deposit one's spare kisses in, neither. Increase, my dear, said he, I believe you are half right, I'll decline to-morrow, I'll have nothin to do with it—*I wont be a Governor, on no account*.

Well, she had to haw and gee like, both a little, afore she could get her head out of his hands; and then she said, Zachariah, says she, how you do act, aint you ashamed? Do for gracious sake behave yourself; and she coloured up all over like a crimson piany; if you hav'nt foozled all my hair too, that's a fact, says she; and she put her curls to rights, and looked as pleased as fun, though poutin all the time, and walked right out of the room. Presently in come two well dressed house-helps, one with a splendid gilt lamp, a real London touch, and another with a tea tray, with a large solid silver coffee-pot, and tea-pot, and a cream jug, and sugar bowl, of the same genuine metal, and a most an elegant set of real gilt china. Then in came Marm Crowningshield herself, lookin as proud as if she would not call the President her cousin; and she gave the Lawyer a look, as much as to say, I guess when Mr. Slick is gone, I'll pay you off that are kiss with interest, you dear you—I'll answer a bill at sight for it, I will, you may depend.

I believe, said he again, you are right; Increase, my dear, its an expensive kind of honor that bein Governor, and no great thanks neither; great cry and little wool, all talk and no cider—its enough I guess for a man to govern his own family, aint it, dear? Sartin, my love, said she, sartin, a man is never so much in his own proper sphere as there; and beside, said she, his will is supreme to home, there is no danger of any one non-concurring him there, and she gave me a sly look, as much as to say, I let him think he is master in his own house, *for when ladies wear the breeches, their petticoats ought to be long enough to hide them*; but I allot, Mr. Slick, you can see with half an eye that the 'grey mare is the better horse here.'

What a pity it is, continued the Clockmaker, that the blue-noses would not take a leaf out of Marm Crowningshield's book—talk more of their own affairs and less of politics. I'm sick of the everlastin sound of 'House of Assembly,' and 'Council,' and 'great folks.' They never alleviate talking about them from July to eternity.

I had a curious conversation about politics once, away up to the right here. Do you see that are house, said he, in the field, that's got a lurch to leeward, like a north river sloop, struck with a squall, off West Point, lopsided like? It looks like Seth Pine, a tailor down to Hartford, that had one leg shorter than tother, when he stood at ease at militia muster, a restin on the littlest one. Well, I had a special frolic there the last time I passed this way. I lost the linch pin out of my forred axle, and I turned up there to get it set to rights. Just as I drove through the gate, I saw the eldest gall a makin for the house for dear life—she had a short petticoat on that looked like a kilt, and her bare legs put me in mind of the long shanks of a bittern down in a rush swamp, a drivin away like mad full chisel arter a frog. I could not think what on earth was the matter. Thinks I, she wants to make herself look decent like afore I get in, she dont like to pull her stockings on afore me; so I pulls up the old horse and let her have a fair start. Well, when I came to the door, I heard a proper scuddin; there was a regular flight into Egypt, jist such a noise as a little children make when the mistress comes suddenly into school, all a huddlin and scroudgin into their seats, as quick as wink. Dear me, says the old woman, as she put her head out of a broken window to avail who it was, is it you, Mr. Slick? I sniggers, if you did not frighten us properly, we actilly thought it was the Sheriff; do come in.

Poor thing, she looked half starved and half savage, hunger and temper had made proper strong lines in her face, like water furrows in a ploughed field; she looked bony and thin, like a horse that had been used much more than oats, and had a wicked expression, as though it warnt over safe to come too near her heels—an everlastin kicker. You may come out, John, said she to her husband, its only Mr. Slick; and out came John from under the bed backwards, on all fours, like an ox out of the shorin frame, or a lobster skulin wrong end foremost—he looked as wild as a hawk. Well, I swan I thought I should have split, I could hardly keep from bursting right out with larfter—he was all covered with feathers, lint and dust, the savins of all the sweepins since the house was built, shoved under there for tidiness. He actually sneezed for the matter of ten minutes—he seemed half-choked with the fluff and stuff, that came out of him like a cloud. Lord, he looked like a goose half picked, as if all the quills were gone, but the pen feathers and down were left, just ready for singin and stuffin. He put me in mind of a sick Adjutant, a great tall hulkin bird, that comes from the East Indgies, a most as high as a man, and most as knowin as a blue-nose. I'd a given a hundred dollars to have had that chap as a show at a fair—tar and feathers war'nt half as natural. You've seen a gal both larf and cry at the same time, hante you? well I hope I may be shot if I could help it. I'd have given anything. To see that critter come like a turkey out of a bag at Christmas, to be fired at for ten cents a shot, was as good as a play; but to look round and see the poverty—the half naked children—the old pine stumps for chairs—a small bin of poor watery yaller potatoes in the corner—daylight through the sides and roof of the house, lookin like the tarred seams of a ship, all black where the smoke got out—no utensils for cookin or eatin—and starvation wrote as plain as a handbill on their holler cheeks, skinny fingers, and sunk eyes, went right straight to the heart. I do declare I believe I should have cried, only they did'nt seem to mind it themselves. They had been used to it, like a man that's married to a thunderin ugly wife, he gets so accustomed to the look of her everlastin dismal mug, that he don't think her ugly at all.

Well, there was another chap a settin by the fire, and he did look as if he saw it and felt it too, he did'nt seem over half pleased, you may depend. He was the District Schoolmaster, and he told me he was takin a spell at boardin there, for it was their turn to keep him. Thinks I to myself, poor devil, you've brought your pigs to a pretty market, that's a fact. I see how it is, the blue-noses can't 'cypher.' The cat's out of the bag now—it's no wonder they don't go ahead, for they don't know nothin—the 'Schoolmaster is *abroad*,' with the devil to it, for he has no *home* at all. Why, squire, you might jist as well expect a horse to go right off in gear, before he is halter broke, as a blue-nose to get on in the world, when he has got no schoolin.

But to get back to my story. Well, says I, how's times with you, Mrs. Spry? Dull, says she, very dull, there's no markets now, things don't fetch nothin. Thinks I, some folks had'nt ought to complain of markets, for they don't raise nothin to sell, but I did'nt say so; *for poverty is keen enough, without sharpening its edge by poken fun at it*. Potatoes, says I, will fetch a good price this fall, for it's a short crop, in a general way; how's yourn? Grand, says she, as complete as ever you seed; our tops were small and did'nt look well; but we have the handsomest bottoms, it's generally allowed, in all our place; you never seed the beat of them, they are actually worth lookin at. I vow I had to take a chaw of tobacco to keep from snorting right out, it sounded so queer like. Thinks I to myself, old lady, it's a pity you could'nt be changed eend for eend then, as some folks do their stockings: it would improve the look of your dial plate amazingly then, that's a fact.

Now there was human natur, squire, said the Clockmaker, there was pride even in that hovel. It is found in rags as well as king's robes, where butter is spread with the thumb as well as the silver knife, *natur is natur wherever you find it*.

Just then, in came one or two neighbors to see the sport, for they took me for a sheriff or constable, or something of that breed, and when they saw it was me they sot down to hear the news; they fell right to at politics as keen as anything, as if it had been a dish of real Connecticut Slap Jacks, or Hominy; or what is better still, a glass of real genuine splendid mint julip, *whe-e-ew*, it fairly makes my mouth water to think of it. I wonder says one, what they will do for us this winter in the House of Assembly? Nothin, says the other, they never do nothin but what the great people at Halifax tell 'em. Squire Yeoman is the man, he'll pay up the great folks this hatch, he'll let 'em have their own, he's jest the boy that can do it. Says I, I wish I could say all men were as honest then, for I am afear'd there are a great many won't pay up this winter; I should like to trade with your friend, who is he? Why, says he, he is the member for Isle Sable County, and if he don't let the great folks have it, its a pity. Who do you call great folks, for, said he, I vow, I havn't see'd one since I came here. The only one I know that comes near hand to one is Nicholas Overknockem, that lives all along shore, about Margaret's Bay, and he is a great man, it takes a yoke of oxen to drag him. When I first see'd him, says I, what on airth is the matter o'that man, has he the dropsy, for he is actilly the greatest man I ever seed; he must weigh the matter of five hundred weight; he'd cut three inches on the rib, he must have a proper sight of lard, that chap? No, says I, don't call em great men, for there aint a great man in the country, that's a fact; there aint one that deserves the name; folks will only larf at you if you talk that way. There may be some rich men, and I believe there be, and that's a pity there warn't more on 'em, and a still greater pity they have so little spirit or enterprise among 'em, but a country is none the worse for having rich men in it, you may depend.—Great folks! well, come, that's a good joke, that bangs the bush. No, my friend, says I, the meat that's *at the top of the barrel, is sometimes not so good as that that's a little grain lower down: the upper and lower ends are plaguy apt to have a little taint in 'em, but the middle is always good*.

Well, says the blue-nose, perhaps they beant great men, exactly in that sense, but they are great men compared to us poor folks; and they eat up all the revenue, there's nothin left for roads and bridges, they want to ruin the country, that's a fact. Want to ruin your granny, says I, (for it raised my dander to hear the critter talk such nonsense,) I did hear of one chap, says I, that set fire to his own house once, up to Squantum, but the cunnin rascal insured it first; now how can your great folks ruin the country without ruinin themselves, unless they have insured the Province? Our folks will insure all creation for half nothin, but I never heerd tell of a country being insured against rich men.—Now if you ever go to Wall Street to get such a policy, leave the door open behind you, that's all; or they'll grab right hold of you, shave your head and blister it, clap a straight jacket on you, and whip you into a mad house, afore you can say Jack Robinson. No, your great men are nothin but rich men, and I can tell you for your comfort, there's nothin to hinder you from bein rich too, if you will take the same means as they did. They were once all as poor folks as you be, or their fathers afore them; for I know their whole breed, seed, and generation, and they wouldn't thank you to tell them that you knew their fathers and grandfathers, I tell you. If ever you want the loan of a hundred pounds from any of them, keep dark about that—see it as far ahead as you please, but it tante always pleasant to have folks see too far back. Perhaps they be a little proud or so, but that's natural; all folks that grow up right off, like a mushroom in one night, are apt to think no small beer of themselves. A cabbage has plaguy large leaves at the bottom, and spreads them out as wide as an old woman's petticoats, to hide the ground it sprung from, and conceal its extraction, but what's that to you? If they get too large salaries, dock 'em down at once, but don't keep talkin about it for everlastinly. If you have too many servants, pay some of 'em off, or when they quit your service don't hire others in their room, that's all. You must mark you where you keep firm away the whole blessed time that way.

I went out a gunnin when I was a boy, and father went with me to teach me. Well the first flock of plover I seed I let slip at them and missed them. Says father, says he, What a blockhead you be, Sam, that's your own fault, they were too far off, you had'nt ought to have fired so soon. At Bunker's hill we let the British come right on till we seed the whites of their eyes, and then we let them have it slap bang.—Well, I felt kinder grigged at missin my shot, and I didn't over half like to be scolded too; so says I, Yes, father; but recollect that you had a mud bank to hide behind, where you were proper safe, and you had a rest for your guns too; but as soon as you seed a little more than the whites of their eyes, you run for your dear life, full split, and so it tante so much to brag on arter all, so come now. I'll teach you to talk that way, you puppy you, said he, of that glorious day; and he fetched me a wipe that I do believe, if I hadn't a dodged, would have spoiled my gunnin for that hatch; so I gave him a wide berth arter that all day. Well, the next time I missed, says I, she hung fire so everlastinly, it's no wonder, and the next miss, says I, the powder is no good, I vow. Well, I missed every shot, and I had an excuse for every one on 'em—the flint was bad, or she flashed in the pan, or the shot scaled, or something or another; and when all would'nt do, I swore the gun was no good at all. Now, says father, (and he edged up all the time, to get a chance to have a lick at me, about the Bunker hill story, which was the only shot I did'nt miss,) you hant got the right reason arter all. It was your own fault, Sam.

Now that's just the case with you: you may blame Banks and Council, and House of Assembly, and 'the great men,' till you are tired, but it's all your own fault—*you've no spirit and no enterprise, you want industry and economy; use them, and you'll soon be as rich as the people at Halifax you call great folks*—they didn't grow rich by talkin, but by workin: instead of lookin arter other folks' business, they looked about the keenest arter their own. You are like the machinery of one of our boats, good enough, and strong enough, but of no airthly use till you get the steam up; you want to be set in motion, and then you'll go ahead like any thing, you may depend. *Give up politics—it's a barren field, and well watched too; where one critter jumps a fence into a good field and gets fat, more nor twenty are chased round and round, by a whole pack of yelpin curs till they are fairly beat out, and end by bein half starved, and are at the lifting at last. Look to your farms—your water powers—your fisheries, and factories. In short, says I, puttin on my hat and startin, look to yourselves, and don't look to others.*

—Sunday Reading.—

For the Saturday Evening Post.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

A Fragment.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Heaven's huge drums
Pealed out its 'larum, and the trembling world,
The awe-struck world, frighted and crouching lay.
The winds, the waves and skies, contended 'gainst
The stedfast earth. Bright flashed the lance of heaven
Whilst earth upheld her broad breast as a shield,
Fretted the waves, and dashed their spray against
The scowling cliffs, as though they thought to break
Those mighty barriers, which held them back,
And overwhelm the world. The tempest-sprite
Sang to the air, his spirit-maddening song,
And the loud winds howled back their chorus-note.
All order was confusion, and it seemed
Chaos had come again.

* * * * * The vessel creaked
And plunged, and heaved, and labored, in the wave
To force her devious way. Erect he stood,
With his brow bared, and tresses flowing wild,—
And spoke unto the tempest, PEACE—BE STILL!

* * * * *

The sea grew calm, the raging elements,
Like chidden children, stilled their murmurings,
The winds crept slowly to their cavern-home,
And the blue sky unveiled her azure face,
To smile on all below.

Blockley, November, 1837.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE AND DEATH.

"Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away—
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day."

How applicable are the figures here made use of; for no sooner do we take our stand on the wide and busy stage of life, than we are hurried with a rapid flight down to the vale of death! Men of mature and advanced age can look back on the days of childhood, and all its passing events, with all the vividness of recollection as though but an hour had intervened. Each one recollects when he rambled into the green field, culled the fair flowers thereof, and inhaled their sweets; or how he sprightly played under you nodding trees, or lightly skipped upon the streamlet's bank, with all other scenes in his juvenile history, as though this earth had but performed one revolution since the events transpired.—Such is the brevity of life!

Then, if life be so short, does it not behove us to seek a refuge where death never comes, but where beauty blooms through endless years? O how solemn must the thought of death be to one who seeks no hope in future bliss—but who wanders on through the rugged path of life, trusting to none but himself—a broken reed at best.—When the thoughts of death rush into his mind, O how he shrinks! He looks upon the earth, and sees it barren of hope; not a solitary gleam gilds the vista of his coming years, nor lights up his imagination with expected scenes of never fading beauty. Ah, no! To such a one death is a point at which he stops: he dare not look beyond it; for it is to him a dreary waste, on which no beauty blooms—a stormy ocean, on which no bark can ride in safety—a fiery element, that blasts and destroys all hope.

Thus what is to the Christian a source of joy, is to the wicked a source of misery. See how changed are the Christian's views. Death is a point from whence he begins to see the glories of paradise!—it is an eminence on which he overlooks the boundaries of time, and takes a view of the delightful scenery and happy employments in a glorious eternity: it is a point whence hope shrinks not, but beams brighter and brighter into perfect glory. O yes! It is the Christian's observatory, from which he looks with eyes possessing the magnitude of a telescope, into the fair objects of a more glorious region; and it is also a stand from which he looks with microscopic eyes upon the dim and fading vanities of this inconstant sphere. And while the one recedes and disappears, the other opens to his eyes and ears with sights and sounds seraphic: at length he cries,—

"Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly—
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting!"

FROM THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

THE SABBATH DAY.

Thy morn, sweet Sabbath day,
I love thy early, quiet, balmy morn,
For then fresh hopes and heavenly thoughts are born
And many a ray
Of love divine pours in upon the soul,
Which turns to God scorning the world's control.

Thy noon, sweet Sabbath day!
Oh, how I love thy high and solemn noon,
From thee my God! and from this blessed boon,
No thoughts shall stray.
But adoration deep, and fervent praise
From my soul's inmost depths my lips shall raise.

Thy eve, sweet Sabbath day,
Far more I love thy still, calm, dewy eve,
At that blest hour my soul this world would leave;
And soar away
On angels wings, above the stars to rise,
And spend an endless Sabbath in the skies.

M. S. L. L.

MERCY.

This attribute of our moral nature is one of the most lovely and interesting of the train. Its path is not only marked with disinterestedness, but also with privation and suffering. It does not hold its court where plenty, health, and happiness combine their tranquilizing and joyous influence; but stays with tender sympathy where poverty, disease, discontent, despair, and crime, with their ten thousand ills, plague their wretched victims. Though made up of tenderness, and delicately sensitive to such a degree as to appear the most fragile object in the moral world, yet it is capable of sustaining the mightiest shocks, and surmounting the most formidable obstacles. Let dangers arise, let slander, abuse, and persecution, array themselves against it, still it remains undaunted, and pursues, with undeviating tread, the way of kindness. Overlooking the taunts and sneers which it meets with from those it would relieve, it fixes its gaze on their distresses alone; and holding out its cordials, in tones as soft as the melody of heavenly music, invites them to health and happiness. It occupies no diminutive place in that bright halo of perfections which spans the eternal throne. On that eventful day when man plucked down the wrath of God upon his head, and exposed him to the penalty of Heaven's law, the plaintive notes of Mercy were heard in the audience chamber of Justice, and its bow beamed with unusual beauty and loveliness upon the cloud that gathered at the chariot wheels of Jehovah. Justice being concluded, Love and Goodness laid their hands upon Mercy, and commissioned the willing messenger to be an envoy of comfort to the unhappy wretches who had violated the authority of Heaven. When it reached the lovely, yet fatal spot, the heavens were hung with gloom, and appeared to be surcharged with the fiery plagues of an incensed God.—The evergreens of Eden hung their plumes in awful reverence, and the rebellious pair knelt beseechingly, while indescribable agony throbbed in their bosoms. It approached, enveloped in the glory of its own nature perfection, and lifted its hands upon those perturbed and bleeding hearts, soothing them into tranquility.

It spoke, and raptures followed its words.—Heaven rolled back its frowns, and sparkled out in its usual beauty. Mercy presented its prospective mirror to our primeval parents, through which they were permitted to gaze upon the delightful imagery of redemption until it was consummated in the resurrection of the Messiah.—*London Revivalist.*

Every penitent and pardoned soul is a new witness to the triumphs of the Redeemer over sin, death, and the grave.

...tic Intelligence.

For the Illustrated Evening Post.

...ida. ATTENDANT—Sir: The enquiry has often been made where persons can sell their cotton, or if they can't raise them, where they can be taught to reel them, as raising them is but the beginning of the business.

I now beg to inform all such persons that a Mr. Edward Healy of Massachusetts,is now in the city with whom I have formerly been upon several years in raising the worm, reeling and dying the silk. They have taken a store under the S. W. corner of Tenth and Cherry streets—where they are willing, either to buy their cocoons reel and manufacture them into sewing silk upon shares, or teach other persons to reel and make sewing silk at a moderate price.

They refer with pleasure to T. D. Paris, silk culturist, No. 106 Chestnut st. Philadelphia, Penn.

Yours, &c.

X.

Culture of the Morus Multicaulis—Ms. L. TUCKER.—By reason of failures in the culture of the best of all trees, the Morus Multicaulis, it is to be feared many individuals are already discouraged, not perceiving the requisite information on the start. Most welcome to these who have neglected it in the silk culture and to whom the writings of such men as Gideon B. Smith and A. S. Clee, Esqrs. It is to the writings of practical intelligent men, who stir at the heart, rare and prosperity of our country,it will be a favor ever thanked, if they publish to the world the truth and facts, that will successfully guide the inexperienced in the Mulberry and Silk culture.

My own experience as well accords with those gentlemen, both in the rearing of the trees and the silk; and I know implicit confidence only be placed in their writings, and that it is manifestly to augment growing the silk tree to this northern latitude, except the buds be planted early in the spring. All such as have ripened the wood, though it be but the first joint, standing in a dry soil, will endure our most severe winters and the most hardy tree of the forest. To plant the trees or cuttings as late as the 15th or 20th of May, is a very great error, for a few of those only will ripen the tender joint, and the rest dead, whether protected or not, will surely perish.

In January or February, 1836, we wrote to Messrs. Frazee for the half a thousand mulberry trees, they wrote to us, "when the canal opened it would be in time," and had these gentlemen themselves given us the information published by Mr. Smith, it is to receive these trees and not in a lot bed, we might now have fifteen or twenty thousand trees and cuttings, from the number sent. However, we would have commenced, and some four weeks after the cuttings were set. All the care and attention was bestowed that was required. Mark the soil—some sandy, some clay, and others alluvial—the height from six inches to two feet. After the frost in September, the trees were removed to the cellar, and the roots plaster'd as far as the earth. About the 15th of April last, my half of the trees were put out in a dry shady loam, and rich enough for thirty bushels of corn to the acre, in appearance of the first leaf into the the 23d of May, six of the whole number sent up shoots—the remainder had not sufficiently ripened the wood, and the consequence was, a total loss of all but six, which have sent up the shoots to a height, the rest of the fall to be raised, and have furnished about 130 buds to inoculate next year.

The above facts will show how we have been thrown upon the back ground by not being in possession many ago of the experience and knowledge in growing the Morus multicaulis now published by the above mentioned gentlemen. Experience teaches that the mulberry requires the trees to grow from the bud before it will ripen its wood, and unless there be one ripe joint, no protection will save the tree. In more southern latitudes, where the growing season is eight or ten months, and trees attain a height of sixty feet or more, the practice of starting the mulberry in a hot bed will evidently not be necessary but except we take that course, we must not expect to succeed in so desirable an object.—*Genesee Farmer.*

New Silk Loom.—A very important improvement has recently been made upon the silk loom, from which it would appear that this valuable branch of manufacture may ere long be placed on a footing to rival France. Until the present improvement, every effort to work the Jacquard loom by power has proved ineffectual. This difficulty is now overcome, and the most difficult and complicated figures may now be wrought by females or children, through the agency of the steam engine. Several machine makers in and about Manchester have already adopted this improvement, as it is found to cost no more than the common loom, while it produces the great advantage of turning out a fabric of much finer even thickness than the hand power or hand loom. There are no weights in the loom, as it is employed to regulate the yarn beam without reference to its diameter, and by a simple, but at the same time an ingenious contrivance, if the web breaks, the action of the yarn beam and cloth beam is instantly stopped. —*German Advertiser.*

Saturday Evening Post.

DECEMBER 12, 1835.

WESTERN SOUP HOUSE.

A SOUP HOUSE to supply the Poor west of Broad street, with good nourishing Soup, daily) is now being established, at the north-west corner of Schuylkill 6th and Chesnut sts. It is nearly completed and will go into operation in a few days, under the direction of the Female Visiters of the Union Benevolent Society, in connection with a Committee of Gentlemen.

Benevolent persons, either in the city or country, who wish to make donations in Money, Meat, Vegetables, or Fuel, will receive all necessary information by applying at No. 360 Chesnut-street, the sixth door above Thirteenth

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

SCHOOLS WITHOUT SOULS.

Mr. Editor.

Defects in education is a frequent and fruitful subject of criticism. But in my opinion, the radical source of all others, is one that few schools have no souls. They have no moral purpose. They neither accomplish, nor prepare to accomplish, the object of general benevolence. Each pupil is treated as a distinct individual, which certain interests separate,if not opposed to those of his neighbours. The question is seldom asked of a scholar, either individually or collectively, how they can apply their efforts, from day to day, to the advancement of knowledge through the community at large.

They are seldom encouraged in aiding each other in acquiring knowledge, much less in diffusing it over the globe. Many inventions and discoveries, are immediately and vigorously applied both by teachers and parents, to render the constitution of children to excel each other in not to bring them or to say way to benefit the world. It astounds no farther than commencing and requiring a few hours every day to learn a spelling, grammar, geography, &c. In all other exercises they are scarcely recognised, if as intellectual, much less as moral beings.

Here, Mr. Editor, in my opinion, may be found as source of all defects, both as to moral and family education. Give children an object for play and a spelling, reading, writing, arithmetics, &c. and a high object, such as *forming knowledge into a globe*, and their progress in those subjects will be tenfold more spirit and a hundred more thorough and lasting.

And this Mr. Editor, is the opinion of hundreds of parents to the contrary notwithstanding, is as true as it is important. That it is practicable, is rendered, many, many thousands experiments, all to uniformly the same result.

If the principles are made to any one of the twenty thousand schools in our Republic, to direct on improvement something to send to other books, other states or countries, all, without exception would be struck with astonishment and delight and execute it with an energy, which would extend to every subject of school instruction, from the lowest to the highest. Parents would no longer have occasion to complain that their children are not their school long enough to close. Teachers would no longer have to refer their pupils to repeat their lessons because spelling, a thousand and one times and still be strifled with the most egregious mistakes, forever the attempted to apply their knowledge to use. Every child necessarily becomes a speaker, not in theory merely but in practice of every subject, a system of abstraction, as solution one is, would become a system of practical utility, and schools, by adopting for themselves some moral purpose, some benevolent object to accomplish, would be animated with the zeal imparted by a *living soul*, they would immediately possess a body to that soul, and be made to move under the present system of mechanical fancies, they constitute *soul less bodies*.

They are not even a carcase. They are doing more or better than a mass of decomposed matter, a mass of a body, without life, form nor scent.

Such are facts in relation to our boasted moral and Republican education, it is high time efficient. It will place funds to the credit of these Banks in N. York and help in affording immediate facilities to Southern merchants in liquidating their bals.see due N. York importers.

A large sum has already been subscribed to the Jeffersonville and New Albany (Ind. Canal, so that a Board of Direction will be chosen the 15th. When this great work is completed, there will be a navigation round the falls of Ohio for the largest vessels at all stages of the water in the river.

We learn that the Commissioners of Southwark, after due examination, have subscribed $50,000 to the capital stock of the Schuylkill and Delaware Canal, a project of which the promoters upon the money market entirely arrested the progress.

On Monday morning last, a little girl was killed in President street, Baltimore, by one of the rail road cars, which passed directly over her breast. Every effort was made to rescue her, but in vain.

A will was lately brought by John Norton Esq. against the "Northern bank of Kentucky." He obtained judgement for $6,000 and interest at the rate of 15 per cent, from the 20th of August last, the day on which he demanded the money for the notes which he had deposited, but, not overruled by the Court.—*Religious Herald.*

Solomon Chambers, an aged resident of Monmouthstreet township, in this county, was found dead in one of his fields, about four miles from Jamestown, on Friday last. He had been afflicted, and an axe was found a short distance from the body. An inquest was held on the body, whose verdict was, that the deceased came to his death from fallen upon the axe in person or persons unknown.—*Gettysburg Star.*

Mysterious Disappearance of Dr. Parker.—A gentleman has arrived in this city from Mobile, from the city on the Escambia, where his family have resided, who left Mobile on the 1st of October, to come over to the island opposite, where his family were at work. The island dog came to the gentleman in the morning, and by the manifestations of the disappearance of his master who accompanied him to the island, led the way to the

Fatal Affray.—In a fracas at the race course at Opelousas, (Louisiana,) the 9th ult. between Mr. Reeves and Mr. Bordelon, the latter, assisted by Mr. Bordelon, the former aged 23, was killed by a horse kicking from the latter. He was an old resident of 60. Fisher surrendered himself, and is not blamed.

More Volunteers for Florida.—A regiment of 1000 under Col. Dougherss from Alabama, passed through Philadelphia, on Thursday, 26th ult, on their way to join Gen. Jesup in the seat of war, in the state of Georgia.

FIRE.—The house of JAMES DOWNER, in West Lebanon, N. H., with all its contents, was consumed by fire on the 24th November.

The Eastern Argus says, that VOLNEY CUSHMAN, of Dearborn, Maine, while eating his supper at Mr. Philbrick's tavern in Salmon, on the 19th ult., was choked to death by a piece of lobster near the root of the tongue, a large piece of beef steak, which was swallowed in a mouthful, and half of an inch thick, was discovered, and in such a situation as to form a complete valve over the entrance of the windpipe.

Byron Cooley, who was to have been executed in Cincinnati, on the 27th inst. for the murder of Rambo, has been reprieved by the Governor of Ohio, in consequence of some important disclosures of evidence. The trial of Cooley, at which it is said, will criminate several citizens of Cincinnati, was postponed because the jury attended him at the jail, after his commitment, for so long the last penalty of the law. Two days before his trial, she expired with a broken heart—having literally sobbed herself to death.

Cowardly Hen.

Arrest.—Mr. Lemoyne, Cashier of the Peoria Bank, has been arrested, was arraigned on Saturday of the good people of the state of Maine.

Single Life.—A man by the name of Single was lately convicted at Augusta, and sentenced to several years solitary confinement.

A new line of stages, is now running on the old road from Baltimore to Frederick, Md. to passage, with portrayage and back hire saved.

It is said more than one hundred thousand barrels of flour, are coming through the canals in Pennsylvania and New York.

Commodore Jones, commander of the exploring squadron, has relinquished his station on account of bad health.

The Portland Times says, 20,000 pounds of wool are already engaged for the coming season

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, December 16, 1837.

We are indebted to the Hon. Charles Naylor [for] important public documents.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania to the Legislature on the 6th inst. though a long, an interesting and able document, which affords a lucid and forcible exposition of the present prosperity of the state. The manner in which the different subjects are treated, indicates a fervent devotion to the public good, and determination on the part of the executive fearlessly to think, and boldly to act, when required by the interests of the community. The question of the currency is approached with the caution and discretion, a matter involving such delicate details requires, but there is no disposition evinced of tampering with the public sensibility now awakened. The animadversion bestowed on the present inefficient means of re[lief]; and the censure awarded those, whose temerity caused the difficulty are just and appropriate. The truth of the remark, that no country [could] have a sounder or more uniform currency [than] that of the United States in the year [illegible], cannot be doubted. The general circulation of irredeemable promises to pay, by all portions of the people, is declared to be not [only] a defect of the currency, but a social evil, [a m]oral taint, which must ere long have a destructive influence on the character and happiness of our citizens. The Message arrives [how]ever, at the conclusion that the remedy for these evils must proceed from Washington; [that] it is for Congress to devise, and adopt the [mea]ns for producing a currency suited to the [wan]ts of the whole community.

The Governor justly observes, that the banks [ha]ve well sustained themselves in the emergency, but that the system on which they operate must be defective, otherwise such an emergency could not have arisen. The Legislature [of 1]824, had provided a corrective for a portion [of] the evil, by declaring the charter of every [ba]nk, which should suspend its specie payments [for]feited, yet in the progress of events a crisis [had] arrived, wherein the action of the law by in[evita]ble public necessity, was suspended. To [guard] as far as possible against the recurrence [of si]milar evils it is recommended that here after [b]ank dividends, shall be limited to 7 per cent. [th]e notes in circulation, be reduced in pro[porti]on to the amount of capital stock paid in; [th]at in order to secure a compliance with [this] requisition, whenever the specie of any bank [shall] fall below the fixed proportion, the increase [of] circulation of such bank, to be prohibited, [or] punished in a summary manner. It is ad[ded], that no loan shall be made to any broker, [or oth]er person whose occupation is dealing in [mone]y, notes, bills, or other evidences of debt, [till] those engaged in other business, presenting [adequ]ate security shall be first accommodated; [n]o loan to be made on the pledge of stock, [or an]y unusual security; the directors of banks [to be] placed on the same ground with others. [This p]rovision if ever fairly carried into execu[tion w]ill have a most happy effect, on the trade [and c]ommerce of the state. Whenever appli[cations] have been made for the charter of a new [bank, o]ne of the main inducements to granting [the re]quest, has been the facilities ostensibly [held fo]rth for the prosecution of legitimate busi[ness t]ransactions. How far the pledges thus [given h]ave been redeemed, the fatal experience [of thos]e engaged in trade, sufficiently explains. [To sec]ure an equal distribution of the accommo[dation] furnished by the banks, it is urged on the [Legisla]ture, to restrict the amount of loans to [any ind]ividual or firm to a certain sum, to be [fix]ed by law, unless the consent of three-[fourths] of the directors be obtained. It is fur[ther re]commended that the excess of profits [illegible] per cent. be reserved and invested as [a sepa]rate fund to insure the safety of the bank. [The su]ggestion that the notes of all the banks [ope]rated within the State, should be kept at [par in] Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Pittsburg, [is] of sound, discriminating policy. If they [are kep]t in Philadelphia at *par*, there can be no [doubt th]ey will remain so at all other points, and [they] will have as much value as an irre[deemab]le paper currency can be expected to [have]. But it is an outrage on the good sense [of the] community to permit small institutions, [without] responsibility, in every section of the [State], to issue a circulating medium, consist[ing of] notes, which even in their immediate vi[cinity] are subject to a heavy discount. The [Far]men's Bank, at Warren, is a case di[rectly i]n point, an institution manifestly insol[vent, bu]t which is permitted to deluge the coun[try with] notes, that have little or no value.—[They ha]ve for a long time past been sold in this [city at a] discount of from 25 to 40 per cent. be[low par]. They are still evidently circulated in [large qua]ntities, as we receive them almost daily [from Ne]w York, Ohio and Indiana, as well as [from man]y parts of Pennsylvania, notwithstand[ing our a]gents and correspondents have been [warned] *over and over again*, against remitting [the worthle]ss promises of that *rotten concern*. We [have determ]ined not to notice such remittances, [unless the wort]hless trash is returned by mail at the [expense of th]e person by whom it is remitted, al[though the] temptation is strong to follow the ex[ample of m]any Postmasters in relation to news[papers en]trusted to them—*sell it for the postage*. [In tha]t case, we should *not* act precisely as [illegible] a sense of propriety would induce [us to noti]fy the publishers [remitters] of what [was] done with their paper.

[The recom]mendation is made, that after a cer[tain numb]er of years, no notes should be issued [of a less d]enomination than $10; the President [and direc]tors to be personally responsible for [illegible] when specie payments shall be sus[pended; t]he excess of seven per cent. to be [illegible] the only bonus for a charter, and the [illegible] sold at auction.

[On the] subjects of Education and Internal [Improveme]nt, the Message dilates to an extent [not more] than commensurate to the great im[portance o]f these interesting topics. Every [one who ha]s the good of the country at heart, [illegible] in the efforts now making in this [state in re]gard to the former, while he cannot [but feel a fee]ling of National pride in the con[templation of] what she has accomplished in the [illegible] first Tuesday of last May, was the [day fixed fo]r the first triennial vote, to ascertain [whether the] system should be continued or aban[doned. The S]uperintendant has not yet been of[ficially infor]med of its rejection by a single ac[tual dist]rict. A part of the school law has [be]en a matter of complaint, a mere [majority of] votes polled, fastens the system for [illegible] on the district. It is advised that [it be] so modified, as to ascertain that a [majori]ty of all the qualified citizens of a [district are] in favor of the system before it is [adopted].

[The publ]ic works are adding to the re[venue, and] more than realizes the anticipa[tions of the w]armest friends of internal improve[ment. To e]nter into a full discussion of the [many im]portant circumstances connected [with this s]ubject, would involve a latitude [whi]ch our ability cannot at pre[sent afford.] On another occasion we shall en[deavour to do] justice to a series of splendid [illegible]s, which have elicited the admira[tion of all] who have duly adverted to their [illegible] and the influence they must have on [the prosperit]y of the State.

[With a fore]sight which does honor to the in[telligence of] the Governor, he recommends the [illegible] to the especial notice of the Le[gislature, an]d suggests the propriety of giving [illegible] those, who furnish specified quan-titles of the article produced on our own soil. This will tend to excite a favorable disposition in the minds of the people, towards the cultivation of silk, a branch of trade, which eventually must occupy the industry of an augmenting population.

INHUMANITY AND DREADFUL SUFFERING.

On Monday last the Coroner was called to view the body of a woman lying in a chamber in Small street; upon entering the apartment, a spectacle of dreadful suffering was disclosed. In one corner lay a colored woman sick, and on the floor was extended the dead body of a white female, near to her was a young girl, twelve years of age, who appeared to be the daughter of the deceased woman; another daughter apparently six years old, was lying at the fire-place with her feet in the ashes.

From the evidence adduced, it appeared that the deceased woman, had with her daughters occupied a small chamber in Small street; but that the owner on Sunday morning, turned the whole family out into the street. The day was stormy, there having been a fall of snow the evening preceding; in their destitute condition, they took shelter in a privy, when by the kindness of some charitable persons they were transferred to a neighboring house. The mother was unable to speak, and in a short time afterwards expired. The eldest daughter was unable to stand, both the young females were conveyed to the dwelling of the Coroner (Mr. Gregory,) who caused the inhuman landlord to be committed to prison to answer the charge of an assault and battery.

Dr. Andrew Comstock, of this city, has published a second edition of a small work, entitled "Practical Elocution," of which he is the author. There are few subjects which receive less, while its importance demands a greater share of attention, than this of Elocution.—Every organ of the human body is dependent on exercise for its true and proper development. There are few persons who do not feel the embarrassment, which arises from an imperfect enunciation. The work before us conveys much valuable instruction on this subject. To render the doctrine it communicates more evident, the different movements of the voice are illustrated by original diagrams. Dr. Comstock has for some years been a successful teacher of Elocution, and in his experience has found, the exercises in these diagrams happily adapted to render the muscles of speech subject to volition, to extend the compass of the voice and increase its power.

MINIATURE SCULPTURE VIEWS.

Miss Botsford has revived a curious art which has been lost for centuries, representing more beautifully and accurately than any painting can portray, models of buildings or views of any kind in their natural colours.—Among a number of these picturesque scenes now exhibiting at "Third street Hall," above Willow street, we must notice a few as surpassing in beauty, viz. the Girard College, Landreth's Garden, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, ruins of Kutwaller, Rialto of Venice, &c."

Miss Botsford displays a most commendable share of creative taste and ingenious labour, and certainly deserves a more liberal degree of patronage in this city than has hitherto been extended to her, partly to be attributed perhaps to her not making the exhibiton of her skill sufficiently public. The Ladies ought to take pride in encouraging this most ingenious *native Artist*, so as to induce her to multiply these delightful specimens of her elegant taste.

SCHOOL OF ARTS.

The Franklin Institute have presented to the Legislature, a memorial, which sets forth that they are desirous of enlarging the sphere of their usefulness, and therefore submit the plan of a "School of Arts," for the purpose of affording complete practical instruction to that large class of the community who are engaged in the mechanic arts, manufacturers, and agriculture. The establishment of an institution of this description, would be eminently beneficial not only to those, the most interested in its success, but to the public generally. The mechanic, the manufacturer, the farmer, and all other artizans, would be taught the practice and the theory of their respective avocations. Many invaluable opportunities for instruction in the arts, exist in the vicinity of this city, surrounded as it is, by workshops, and manufactories of every sort. Each of these would contribute its proportion to the means of instruction, and combined in their influence, must powerfully aid in the dissemination of sound practical knowledge. We cordially hope the subject may receive a proper attention from the legislature.

We have received a publication containing first lessons in drawing, designed by Mr. Josiah Holbrook, a gentleman whose zeal and industry in the cause of education is most favorably known to the community. On a single sheet are drawn various objects of nature. A few geometrical figures, and some utensils of the arts, with their names written above. The opinion has been entertained, that children will learn drawing, and writing, together, with as much facility as they could either, separately, and that the forming of the elementary figures of Geometry, implements, and all other sensible objects ought to precede that of letters. The mode recommended has the merit of being conformable to nature, and the dictates of sound reason. It is proposed, that in connection with drawing, the pupil in the same book, should give written descriptions of the different bodies delineated. The abstruse and repulsive study of grammar, can by this means be converted into an agreeable, and amusing pastime, and a large expenditure of time be preserved for a more valuable purpose.

Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, have published a new work called the "Old Commodore," by the author of Rattlin the Reefer. It contains not a few highly wrought passages, and throughout the whole story there is more than common interest excited in the reader's mind.

Turner and Fisher, No. 11 north Sixth street, have published, a full length likeness of Daniel O'Connel, painted for the Catholic Association of Ireland, by J. Haverty, R. H. A. and engraved by J. R. Smith. The resemblance, we should think, from circumstances, was correct, and the portrait will prove in every respect an acceptable gift to all those who take an interest in the movements of the defender of Ireland's rights.

Margaret Brook the fugitive slave, to whom we alluded last week, has by the liberality of a few individuals of this city, been released from further claims. The sum of $400, was raised which with $100, relinquished by the owner John O. Price, Esq. made the sum required, and the woman arrived in this city on Tuesday, and was immediately restored to her children.

On Friday evening the 8th inst. the coroner held an inquest on the body of a man, of respectable appearance, about 30 years of age, who had entered the Chesnut street Theatre, and when descending to the pit fell, but did not seem much injured, but after being seated a short time, a violent fit of coughing came, and in a few minutes it was discovered that he had burst a blood vessel. On being conveyed to Mr. Durand's drug store in the vicinity, the proper assistance was immediately rendered, but in vain, he died in about 20 minutes.

On Sunday as a lady was coming out of a house in Arch near Second street, she perceived an aged man, eating something, he addressed a question to her, & then attempted to walk away, but fell down, and in a moment died. He was unknown, a wart was conspicuous on the back of the neck, and another between the shoulders. In his pocket was a shoemaker's knife and a thimble. Dress, a muslin shirt, white Marseilles vest, black coatee, thick pantaloons, and coarse lace boots.

The Scarlet Fever is prevailing at Warrenton, Virginia, in several families one or more of the younger members have died.

FLORIDA WAR.

Gov. Gilmer in affixing his veto on the resolutions of the Georgia legislature, appropriating thirty thousand dollars for the use of the volunteers raised by Gen. Nelson for the Florida war, takes in our opinion a just and independent view of the subject. He states that the troops in question, were raised without the authority of that State or the United States, and that Gen. Nelson had no orders, nor did he hold a commission from either government under the authority of which it was competent for him to raise such troops. He objects to so large a body of men being withdrawn from a part of the State, more than any other liable to intestine disturbance. After having premised several other objections of magnitude, in the present situation of Georgia, he proceeds:

Strong as I consider these objections to the adoption of the resolutions, they would probably have been overcome by my disposition to acquiesce in the will of the legislature; but for others of a higher and more imperative character. If the appropriation be made for the benefit of the men described in the resolution, it cannot be for any services which they have rendered to the State, or in consideration of any services which they are bound by law or contract to render hereafter. By the constitution, the general assembly cannot, by resolution, grant any donation or gratuity in favor of any person whatever, but by the concurrence of two thirds. If the money attempted to be appropriated by the resolutions is not for services already rendered to the State, nor hereafter to be rendered, I do not perceive clearly how the appropriation can be considered any thing else than a gratuity. This conclusion has probably been intended to be avoided by the second resolution, which orders that the money expended in pursuance of the appropriation, in the first resolution, shall be charged to the federal government, and that the Governor shall take the means to have the State re-imbursed. I cannot perceive by what rule of right or law, the State can expend money for its own citizens, and charge the United States with it, when the services have neither been rendered to, nor required by, the United States. I should feel at a great loss to know what means could properly be taken to reimburse the State for such an expenditure.

The resolution appears to recognize the authority of Gen. Nelson to command the men as Brigadier General. The States reserved the right in the Constitution of the United States, to appoint the officers of the militia which may be called into the service of the United States. The law of Congress authorizing the President to raise volunteers for the Florida service, directs that the officers shall be appointed according to the laws of the State to which they may belong. The Constitution of this State directs that all general officers of the militia shall be elected by the General Assembly. If, therefore, these men had even been raised under the authority of the President of the United States, still they must be commanded by a Brigadier General chosen by the legislature, and called into service through the orders of the Governor of the State.

EXPLORING SQUADRON.

It is well known that great delay has occurred in the despatch of this squadron, and the fact that the executive magistrate and his cabinet were not very friendly to its object, has been shown in a variety of modes. The measure never had a cordial assent, and in matters of science the determination of the government seems to be the holding the United States in a dependence on foreign nations. Of so little consequence does this appear to Mr. Van Buren, that he does not, in a very prolix discourse, deign to give it even a passing notice. The Secretary of the Navy however, in his annual report, affords some information, by which the public mind may be enlightened on the details of this slumbering enterprise. The first point discussed is the expense with which it is attended, a branch of the subject, the following extract will elucidate.

As the appropriations for the South Sea exploring expedition, in the law authorising the same, amounting to three hundred thousand dollars, were inadequate to the expense of its outfit, it became necessary to submit estimates for farther appropriations for this object, which was done at the last stated Session of Congress.

With my letter to the President of the United States of the 6th of February last, and by him submitted to the House of Representatives, were statements of the board of navy commissioners, by which it appears that there had been expended upon the Macedonian, from those appropriations, about $62,000; upon the ship Relief, barques Pioneer and Consort, and schooner Pilot, to be taken from the same appropriations, the sum of $168,000; and that to complete the equipments of these vessels exclusively of provisions, instruments, and contingencies, with the preparation of which the board was not charged, it was estimated that $70,000 more would be required; making in all $300,500, exceeding by $600 the amount of the appropriations.

The estimate submitted for the annual expenses of these vessels was $346,431,00, amounting for the three years, during which time it was intended the exploring squadron should be absent, to $1,039,193,00. In this estimate is included the sum of $43,842,50, for the annual expense of the scientific corps of the expedition, amounting, with their assistants, to the number of eighteen.

As this statement of facts could leave no doubt that the exploring expedition would cost nearly, if not quite, a million and a half of dollars, and as it greatly exceeded in number of vessels and men, the most successful expeditions of a like character heretofore sent out by the maritime powers of Europe, it was believed that its amount would have been reduced by withholding a part of the appropriations asked for by the estimates. This, however, was not deemed expedient, and the full appropriations were made by an act of the 3d of March last.

Afterwards a trial of the Pioneer, bark Consort and schooner Pilot, induced an examination into the situation of the first named vessel, and to effect this purpose a board of five officers, consisting of Commodores Chauncey, Morris, Warrington, Patterson, and Wadsworth, were appointed.

On the 12th of July, the board reported that the occupation of the dock at Gosport, and the employment of some of the members of the board, prevented a meeting until the 30th of June. That the barks and schooner were put into dock and examined; certain alterations recommended, which could soon be completed, by which the vessels "might be made to answer the purposes proposed sufficiently well to justify their employment."

The board stated that had they been called upon before any preparations were made, to state the number and character of the vessels, which in their opinion, would be best calculated to secure the attainments of these proposed objects, they certainly would not have recommended those which have been prepared. They were of opinion that a smaller number would have answered the purpose; yet, from a consideration of the expense incurred, the time spent in preparing the force, and other circumstances which they enumerate, and as the officer selected to command the expedition was satisfied with the vessels, they came to the conclusion, that no reduction could be made in their amount at this late period, without prejudice in the success of the expedition. They, however, recommended a reduction of the number of officers and men to about five hundred, exclusive of the scientific corps. To this reduction, although in my opinion a very proper one, Commodore Jones made such decided objections, that I thought proper to yield to his wishes, and so informed him; and his force was continued at six hundred and three officers and men, exclusive of the scientific corps.

At this stage of the business Commodore Jones discovered, the cooking galleys made on a new plan for burning anthracite coal, and ordered at his request, would not answer the intended purpose. They were consequently removed, and the last of the new galleys designed to replace them, was sent to Norfolk on the 6th of October. On the 12th of October the squadron sailed from Norfolk, and arrived at New York on the 16th, where it is now safely anchored. As doubts existed relative to the schooner Pilot the Commodore was authorized to purchase a fast sailing schooner, and he obtained the schooner Clara, now called Active, for eight thousand dollars.

This statement brings the Secretary to a more interesting, because an important point on which he thus speaks:

Although the vessel had not heretofore been in a situation to receive the scientific corps, and I could not with propriety, order them to report to the commodore for duty, yet, I thought it proper to put them upon pay; which was done on the 4th day of July last. And I requested Commodore Jones, if his convenience would permit, to meet a large portion of them at Philadelphia, for the purpose of having a perfect understanding with them, as to their accommodations, with their books, instruments, &c., on board the vessel of his squadron. This meeting took place in July, and such arrangements, I understand were made, as were perfectly satisfactory to the commondore, and to the gentlemen of the scientific corps.

As it was necessary to procure a great variety of articles for the gentlemen of the scientific corps, for which requisitions could not conveniently be made without a consumption of much time, I found it necessary to place funds in the hands of one gentleman of the corps in Philadelphia, and one in New York. I also placed five thousand dollars in the hands of Commodore Jones on the 29th of August last, for the purpose of purchasing such articles for the expedition as it was inconvenient to make requisitions for; and on the 12th of October, I placed twelve thousand dollars, subject to his drafts, for like purposes, in the hands of his purser. This unusual course was adopted that there might be no delay in the sailing of the expedition.

The object to be attained by removing the squadron to New York, was the greater facility afforded in that city for the completion of the stores, and the introduction of an apparatus for heating the vessels in cold latitudes. The secretary thought this business would not occupy more than three weeks, and he therefore directed the scientific corps to report to Commodore Jones for duty. He then confesses his own lamentable want of energy, and attempts to cover it by intimating his want of acquaintance with what was necessary to be done. On the 10th Nov. Commodore Jones received sailing instructions which were to be carried into effect as soon as the vessels could be made ready for sea. The squadron did not sail, and the secretary in reference to this failure, in no pleasant humor remarks:

Had I known the extent of work required for the vessels of the squadron, after their arrival at New York, I should not so soon have directed the scientific corps to report, or have issued my sailing instructions.

From information received at the department, the amount charged for work upon the vessels of the squadron from the 16th of October to the 15th of November, was four thousand six hundred and thirty one dollars; and this will not complete the preparations, as a further sum of two thousand three hundred and thirty three dollars will be required.

This delay the secretary tells us was altogether not anticipated by him, but he believes the work was necessary, and that the whole amount which will be paid in New York cannot be less than twenty one thousand, six hundred and thirty three dollars and a fraction. This subject is concluded by an intimation "that a farther appropriation will be wanted for the present year."

It will be obvious to all who duly consider the exposition thus made, that the Secretary of the Navy, in this matter, has displayed a great deficiency of that kind of knowledge, his station would imperatively seem to demand. He is like a man wandering in the dark, who is constantly mistaking the path in which he would walk, and when some intervening obstacle impedes his purpose, the good man exclaims who would have anticipated such a thing. A more imbecile, silly explanation was never made, nor one less likely to prove acceptable to the public. No man is competent to fulfill the duties of any function under the government, unless he possesses sufficient sagacity to anticipate and provide for the ordinary accidents which may occur in his particular department; with the commanding officer, a board of Naval officers, and all other means and appliances to boot, the honourable secretary could make no provision for adverse advents.

There is a feature in this report, which does no honor to the secretary, and it consists in the cool deliberation with which he transfers, the odium arising from the delay and augmented expense, from himself to Commodore Jones. It remains to be seen whether this gentlemen will silently rest under this implied accusation, which whether true or false proves the indifference of the Secretary for the duties of his station.

Letters to our address refused this week, lying in the Post Office.

Letters from Claremont, N. H. Crawfordville, Geo. Georgetown, S. C. St. Louis, Mo. Charleston, S. C. Cincinnati, O. Natchez, Miss. Staunton, Va. Waterford, New Carlisle, Ind. Point Pleasant, Va. Hollidaysburg, Pa. Dec. 3.—Brooklyn, N. Y. Dec. 9.—Newark, Dec. 6.—Little Compton, Liberty town, Md.—from W. W. Crenshaw, Columbus, Geo. Christiana, Del.

UNITED STATES REVENUE.

On the subject of the financial concerns of the country, the message of the President states that on the first day of January 1837, the balance in the Treasury was $45,968,523. The receipts during the present year, from all sources will, including the amount of Treasury notes issued, will be about $23,499,981, which will make an aggregate of $69,468,504. Of this sum there will be expended at the end of the year, $35,281,361, leaving a balance on the first of January, 1838, of $34,281,361, but of this sum only $1,085,498, are available, which leaves the large amount of $33,101,645 unavailable. Of this balance, $28,101,644, 97, is deposited with the States, and about $1,000,000 is chiefly due from insolvent banks, the remainder is accounted for by the Secretary of the Treasury in the following manner:

"Another portion consists of what is yet unpaid by the banking institutions, which, during the last spring and summer, suspended specie payments, and thereby, under the imperative provisions of the deposite act, were discontinued as public depositories. The amounts in their possession that have been or probably will, under the act of 16th of October last, be postponed, and will remain unavailable, one-third till July next, one-third till January, 1839, and the residue till July, 1839, are estimated at $3,000,000.

Another sum, not immediately applicable to general purposes, is that part of the amounts transferred to the mint, which being now in active employment for the objects specified in the acts of June 23, 1836, and of January 18, 1837, cannot, without serious inconvenience and some delay, be otherwise used. This sum is about $400,000.

It will be perceived that there is some small discrepancy in the above statement, probably the result of an error in the calculation.

It will be perceived by an advertisement in another column, that Mr. Hadaway takes a benefit at the Walnut street house, on Monday next. His humour is of the best kind, and as a man, he is deserving a full house.

The Mayor has acknowledged the receipt of one hundred and four dollars and seventy-five cents, from D. Wright, it being the receipts of three days' exhibition of 'the Departure of the Israelites,' it having been appropriated to the benefit of the Poor, and the Poor widows.

The Circus will, it is expected, close for the season next week, and those who are disposed to encourage this well conducted establishment, would not do amiss in holding it in remembrance.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

We are happy to notice the excellent and successful manner in which the indefatigable manager of this Theatre, provides for the public amusement. The house is elegantly ornamented, and the scenery and other adjuncts of the performances are of a magnificent character. Mr. Booth, a tragedian, whose great merit needs no recommendation, is engaged for a short period. In many of the characters he represents, he is confessedly without a rival in this country.

COMMUNICATION.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

The nightly succession of crowded houses during the present week, which the performances of Booth has attracted bears ample and profitable testimony to his undiminished powers of representation. His engagement commenced on Monday evening last, in the part of Richard III. since when he has appeared in most of his well known round of characters. The new spectacle of the "Demon of the Desert" has been during the present week performed as an afterpiece. Its length would prove unsuitable for this, did not its attractiveness amply compensate to the audience for the time it occupies in representation.

The tragedy of Sertorius by D. P. Brown Esq. will be revived during the engagement of Booth. Under his auspices it will unquestionably stand a better chance of success than did the last production of this dramatist,—the unfortunate "Prophet of St. Pauls."

Although not disposed to include the acting of the minor performers at this house in a general expression of commendation, yet we cannot conclude these remarks without some laudatory comments on the exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Proctor and Mr. Bannister—the latter of whom does not seem to be sufficiently appreciated by the audience, in proportion to his merits.

H. D——r.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11th, 1837.

So far little else, as usual, has been heard in Congress but the note of ordinary preparation. Indeed it is generally understood, that till after the holidays, every thing in the Capitol is to proceed leisurely, so as to require not even much care to avoid going wrong. This may be owing in part to the decrepitude of the year, but still more to the juvenility of Congress, who, when the cares and reflections of Christmas are past, usually rise at once to the energy and activity of manhood, from which, on the whole, they are generally apt to decline, gradually, through weariness, to the close of the long and tedious session. Such appears to have become the habit of Congress, kept up, probably, by the great number of old members that are always mingled with the new. Something also may be owing to the moral influence caused by the exit of the old year and the entrance of the new, reminding all reflecting men of the irremediable rapidity of the flight of time.

The first day, as usual, nothing was done, but to open the way for the President's annual Message; and the second day nothing but to receive it and hear it read. I think I have never witnessed such a Message produce so little apparent emotion as the last. In its effect, at least, it was evidently smooth and soporific. Reflection, however, might make some parts of it otherwise to some. I have heard it several times hinted that its author, in this instance, almost surpassed himself in the peculiar talent and tact, for which he is so much celebrated. The same doctrines and sentiments which come in soft whispers from him, would have made the country ring again, if issued from the mouth of his predecessor. He makes it seem like perfect equity to cut off the banks by law from all participation in the benefits of the public money, since the banks cannot justly claim any exclusive or peculiar right to the use of the public money.—Now, Gen. Jackson would have made the argument point straight at the conclusion, instead of bending it quite round to make it strike at all, since disfranchising the banks by law, is in fact an entirely different thing, from allowing them to participate only in their proportionate share of the benefits of the public money. The General would have said at once, that the banks are unworthy of a share in any such benefit, and therefore ought so far to be disfranchised. But the same thing, *suaviter in modo*, meets with less noisy opposition at first, however, unquietly it may be endured.

The President can find but three alternatives, in relation to the public money, first, a national Bank; second, the pet Bank system; and third his proposed sub Treasury system. As far as I can learn or judge, there is little prospect of either of these being adopted at the present session. The sub Treasury system, as I have said before, is formed on a model which has been often tried, in many places and at different periods, and never I believe with any adequate success. Beautiful as it may be made, in theory, like many other utopian schemes, is there therefore the smallest prospect that at such a time as this, and in such a country as this now is, it can be made practically successful? And is it any more possible that a Phœnix can arise from the ashes of the pet Bank system, at least while the fingers of its past friends and advocates are yet tingling from its unfortunate exit. For a national Bank, which must come at last, as come heretofore it would, the country itself is probably not yet quite ripe. A combination of *expedients* will probably therefore at present be resorted to, instead of "the expedient," or a national Bank. I should be glad to see all expedients, but such a Bank, thoroughly and satisfactorily tried; but in the mean time what is to become of the country, the wealth and prosperity of which is getting blown sky high by these alchemic experiments?

Some small movements have been made, both in the House and the Senate, in relation to the Public Lands. Mr. Walker, of the Senate, introduced several bills on this subject last winter, which were altered and modified in almost every particular, till he refused almost to acknowledge them as his at all. He has now revived them, in three separate bills, to reduce and graduate the price of the lands, to keep them out of the hands of speculators or non-residents; and to get them as fast as possible into the hands of actual settlers. The public lands are, probably, the greatest political card now in the pack. The old States must look well to them, or they will be swindled out of their due share of them, for the purpose of buying votes for political swindlers to rule over them. The swaying of sectional interests, both for the purpose of menacing and wheedling, has become the greatest game of all in the political arena. It therefore becomes the citizens of every section to be wide awake on this subject; and it might be well for all to elect their rulers on principle, aside from interest, being careful also to go against all such as attempt to sway or allow themselves to be swayed by interest alone; and to let sink and sink every party, and every administration that would buy support by fraud or injustice in any way.

A bill originated in the Senate to-day, to put a stop to the Express Mails, against which many objections have been strenuously urged, whatever may have been its partial advantages. It is generally regarded as aristocratic in its nature and tendency, giving advantage to the more wealthy, to the injury of those who are less so.—I can hardly guess the fate of the bill, though it may not improbably pass.

Mr. Davis introduced a bill to-day, authorising public vessels to cruise on the coast in winter, and to relieve distressed navigators. He urged its passage with his usual tact and talent, and there is every reason to believe that it will pass without difficulty, as it passed the Senate last winter.

The death of Gov. Kent, of Maryland, by a fall from his horse, was a loss to the Senate of an honest, plain, practical, sensible, business man, rarely surpassed in these respects. He was the intimate friend of Mr. Clay, who pronounced on him a brief and somewhat pathetic eulogy. His loss, like that of Chambers, his former colleague, was especially great to this district.

The Senate, almost unanimously, re-elected Mr. Slicer, their Chaplain for this, as for the last session; he is a Methodist Episcopal; and the House have just elected Mr. Reese, a Methodist Protestant.

On Sunday morning last, at half past 7 o'clock the ship of war Pennsylvania, left Chester, and proceeded down the river with a good breeze from the north-east, on her way to Norfolk.

Captain David of the sloop Caroline, from Cantwell's Bridge, Del. while on his passage down the river on Friday afternoon the 8th inst. was drowned by the vessel overturning. James Sipple and Joshua Elliot, two of the hands, met the same fate.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Wm. Sheepshanks, Esq. while walking in Tenth near Race street on Monday afternoon, fell suddenly dead on the pavement.

Ball-room Legislation.—A cause is pending before one of the provincial tribunals of France, in which the plaintiff sues the defendant for damages, because the defendant's wife refused to dance with the plaintiff at a public ball.—The gentleman, it seems, who has arrived at the mature age of 58, solicited the honour of the lady's hand for a quadrille, but the lady excused herself on the plea of indisposition. A few minutes afterwards a similar invitation from a somewhat less venerable beau was most graciously accepted. The offended *preux chevalier* does not appear to have challenged his more successful rival, but to have contented himself with defying the lady and her husband to the lists of the Court of a Judge de Paix, where he claims an indemnification of sixty francs for the injury inflicted on him, and calls upon the tribunal to command the fair offender to abstain from a repetition of the offence, *i. e.*, to submit to dance with him on every festive occasion when it may be his august pleasure to favour her with his commands.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Dec. 8, received from		T. W. Gibb, Esq.	2 00
Joshua Hanna,	$5 00	Sam'l G. Bigger, esq.	10 00
Thomas Maslin,	7 00	John McCollum, esq.	2 00
John B. Seward,	2 00	C. B. Edwards, esq.	4 00
Sam'l L. DuBose, esq.	2 50	*December 12,*	
J. Sipple, Esq.	5 00	Wm. H. Steath,	5 00
Sam'l Reel, Esq.	3 00	Lemuel Long,	5 00
A. S. Jenne,	5 00	Wm. M. Park,	2 00
M. Hubbard, Esq.	1 00	T. Balzell, heir,	4 85
Ira C. Bullock, Esq.	2 00	Post. 75 cts. don't 40 cts.	
December 9,		Wm. Keyser, Esq.	1 00
Wm. F. Griffin, counterfeit returned.		P. Lallance, Esq.	2 00
E. Dailey, Esq.	2 00	Joseph Dickson, esq.	5 00
A. M. Kellar, Esq.	12 00	Josiah Bell, Esq.	5 00
Geo. B. DeNeyster, esq.	1 00	*December 13,*	
Creed Buckells, Esq.	2 00	A. Beecher, Esq. for Merlin Merrill,	2 00
O. E. Wightman, esq.	5 00	Hiland B. Hall, Esq.	2 00
L. H. Mason, Esq.	2 00	Sam'l S. Snyder, esq.	5 00
Edwin S. Whitfield,	10 00	J. S. Martin, Esq.	2 00
D. B. Badger, [illegible]	1 25	Isaac Thomas, Esq.	2 00
75 cents postage.		*December 14,*	
Jacob Kielheffer,	5 00	R. W. Sale, counterfeit returned.	
C. Starbuck,	3 00	C. C. Clay, Esq.	9 00
James McMullen,	10 50	Wm. L. Post, Esq.	10 00
D. C. Shaw, Esq.	10 00	Chas. J. Burnett, esq.	2 00
December 11,		Isaac Price, Esq.	2 00
Thomas Taggert,	3 00	David McDonald, esq.	2 00
Peter G. Bachman,	5 00	C. A. Brobst,	2 50
J. Bailey, Esq.	5 00		
R. Y. McBride, Esq.	10 00		

Michigan and Lumberman's Notes are of no value in Philadelphia.

It is needless to take the trouble to write letters to us from a distance, unless the writers choose to pay the postage. If any remittances are lost in consequence of the postage being unpaid, we are not responsible for the loss.

COMMUNICATION.

STAMMERING CURED.

[illegible] HALL,

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1837.

☞ ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.—*Dear Sir.*—Before leaving your city, allow me to express to you the perfect satisfaction I feel in witnessing the progress which my son has made in Elocution under your instruction.

The habit of stammering, which commenced with his early efforts to speak, and which thirteen years (his present age) seemed only to confirm, is now with six weeks instruction, completely eradicated.

Though delighted beyond expression in this result, I am not disappointed. From the moment I became acquainted with your method of instruction, I did not doubt its entire success. Founded on scientific principles, it must succeed in all cases where there is no mal-formation of the organs of speech.

You have reduced to a system, what before was but imperfectly understood, and done most essential service to mankind in elevating a numerous class of unfortunate fellow beings, and saved them from the impositions of ignorant and unprincipled empirics.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

1t E. PIERCE, M. D. of Athens, N. Y.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers

			price sold for	par
156	shares	United States Bank,	123a123½	100
76	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	51½	50
51	do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	74½a75	80
211	do.	Vicksburg Bank, Miss.	83½a84	
200	do.	N. Orleans Gas Co.	16½a17	
84	do.	Kentucky Bank,	89a89½	100
10	do.	Western Bank,	51½	50
439	do.	New Castle, R. R.	24½a26½	25
112	do.	Beaver Meadow R. R.	53½a54	50
35	do.	Girard Bank,	50	50
27	do.	Mechanics Bank,	30½	25
3	do.	Penn Town. Bank,	67	
11	do.	Philadelphia Gas Co.	119	100
36	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	135	100
10	do.	Planters Bank, Miss.	101	
30	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal Co.	78½	100

CHESNUT Street THEATRE.

Last night but one of Miss Turpin and Mr. H. Wallack's Engagement.

In consequence of the approbation with which the Two Figaro's and the Old English Gentleman, have been received they will be repeated this evening.

This evening, December 16th, will be presented the two admired pieces, called

THE TWO FIGAROS,
AND
THE TWO ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

Susanatte.........................Miss Turpin.
Squire Brondland and Cherubina,..........Mr. H. Wallack.

On Monday the last night of Miss Turpin and Mr. H. Wallack's engagement.

AMERICAN Walnut Street THEATRE.

This evening, Dec. 16, will be enacted the new play of

RICHES.

LUKE...................................MR. BOOTH.

To conclude with the laughable farce of

THE REVIEW.

LOONEY McTWOLTER..................MR. BOOTH.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN ARENA.

Chesnut Street, near Ninth.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. TRAPPAN, Box Book-Keeper and Treasurer.

Mr. Trappan respectfully announces that his Benefit Night is fixed for this evening Dec. 16, 1837, on which occasion he has the satisfaction of announcing among other novelties and splendid displays, got up expressly for this evening, the first appearance of the celebrated Clown and Trampolinist, Mr. Buckley.

Mr. Buckley, in a grand gymnastic act—Chevaliers and Amazons—Diana, the Goddess of the Chase—Mr. Cooke's scene of the Arab Steed Regee Pak—The Greek Boy on his Vaulting Pony—Still Vaulting—Mr. Henry Cooke's Graceful Riding Act—Gulliver and the Lilliputians—Mr. James Cooke's scene of The Reaper—Fashionable Monstrosities—Ground Pyramids—Mr. James Cooke as the Indian Hunter—The whole to conclude with the new and splendid Chinese Flag Fete.

ALMANAC.

DECEMBER, 1837.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
16 Saturday,	7 25	4 35	3 59	
17 Sunday,	7 25	4 35	6 23	
18 Monday,	7 25	4 35	7 5	D. H. M.
19 Tuesday,	7 25	4 35	7 46	
20 Wednesday,	7 25	4 35	8 25	First 4 4 39
21 Thursday,	7 25	4 35	9 5	Full 11 9 17
22 Friday,	7 25	4 35	9 46	Last 18 11 12
23 Saturday,	7 25	4 35	10 31	New 27 9 38

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives at	1/2 A. M.	Eastern closes at	5 P. M.
Southern,	3 to 5 P. M.	Southern closes at	1 A. M.
Western,	2 & 7 P. M.	Western at 2 P. M. &	6 A. M.

St. John's Episcopal Church—The ladies of St. John's Church intend holding an Exhibition and sale of Fancy articles, about the time of the ensuing Christmas, commencing on the 26th of December, to be continued three days, in the Temperance Saloon, north Third street below Green. The proceeds will be appropriated towards paying the debt due on the Church.—They hope to be encouraged in perseverance in well doing by the presence of the public, at the time of the Exhibition, and especially by the friends of the church.—Donations of any kind in the way of money, articles made up or materials are solicited and will be thankfully received. They can be left at the following places—at Mr. Vinyard's, No. 23 Coates street; at No. 353 north 6th street, below Green, east side; and at Mr. Osmon Reed's, No. 88 Marshall street, 3 doors above Buttonwood street, west side.

MARRIAGES.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM S. McDONALD, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss ELIZABETH WYNN, of Blockley, Philada.

On the 2d inst. by the same, Mr. JOHN A. HIPPLE, of the city, to Miss HENRIETTA LADEW, of the Northern Liberties.

On Wednesday evening, 6th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Underdonk, BEEKMAN POTTER, to ELIZA A., daughter of C. N. Robinson.

On Thursday evening, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Mr. WILLIAM EDWARD HANNUM, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY WILLIAMS, of Trenton, N. J.

On Thursday afternoon, the 7th inst. by Alderman Badger, Mr. BENJAMIN H. PAWLING, to Miss SARAH J. LUKENS, both of Montgomery county.

On Sunday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. Zelotes Fuller, Mr. STEPHEN CHILD, to Miss ELIZA SMITH, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 7th inst. by John Swift, Mayor, BENJAMIN HOOD, of Delaware county, to HANNAH Y., daughter of Abner Garrett, of Chester county, Penn.

On Tuesday evening, 5th inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, D. D. ISRAEL ROBERTS, Jr. to CATHERINE, daughter of J. H. Pisler, all of this city.

On the evening of the 6th ult. at Port Elizabeth, by B. Ewing, Esq. JOSIAH M. REEVE, of Salem county, N. J. to MARY B. DALLAS, daughter of Jonathan Dallas, of the former place.

On Tuesday morning, 12th inst. by John Swift, Mayor, BENJAMIN RIDGWAY, of Burlington county, New Jersey, to MARGARET B. FENNIMORE, of Gloucester county, N. J.

In Bordentown, N. J. on Thursday 14th ult. by the Rev. J. C. Harrison, Dr. HENRY A. APPLEGATE, of Chesterfield township, Burlington county, to Miss AMANDA M. OLIVER, of Bordentown.

In Washington City, by the Rev. Dr. Hawley, Lieut. MURRAY MASON, of the United States Navy, to CLARA C., daughter of the Hon. John Forsyth.

In Natchitoches, La. on Wednesday evening, 8th ult. at the house of Col. B. B. Brazeale, by the Rev. N. Francais, JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, Esq. to Miss HARRIET W. M. CABLE, only daughter of J. Cable, Esq. all of that place.

At the Trappe, by the Rev. Jacob Wampole, Dec. 3d, ALBERT LESHER, to Miss SARAH HAWBERGER, of Pottstown. Dec. 7th, DAVID CUSTER, to ESTHER RAMBO, of Limerick. Dec. 10th, JOHN MARKLEY, to ANN GEMIMA STAUFFER. Dec. 10th, JACOB HENDRICKS, to Miss SOPHIA SCHNEIDER, all of Montgomery county.

DEATHS.

On Tuesday, 12th inst. at one o'clock, P. M. CORNELIUS R. EVANS, in the 25th year of his age.

His friends are invited to attend his funeral on Sunday afternoon, 17th inst. at one o'clock, (without further notice) from the residence of his sister, Mrs. Anna Mapother, in Harrogate Lane, near Frankford.

On Monday morning, 11th inst. JULIA, infant daughter of William and Julia Cook, aged 3 years, 8 months and 11 days.

On Thursday evening, 7th inst. JOHN WHARTON, Esq. in the 64th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. JOHN BUNTING, in the 68th year of his age.

On Friday evening, 8th inst. HENRY BARTRAM, son of George W. Bartram, Esq. of Tinicum Lazaretto, in the 30th year of his age.

Suddenly, on Monday, 11th inst. Mr. WILLIAM SHEEPSHANKS, in the 61st year of his age.

Suddenly, on Saturday, 9th inst. Mr. P. F. EHRMAN.

On Wednesday, 6th inst. after a lingering illness, Miss HARRIET HILL.

On Thursday, 7th inst. ANDREW J. F. son of O. R. Robins, aged 5 years.

On Friday, 8th inst. WILLIAM DAVID SNYDER, son of the late Henry Snyder, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 8th inst. JOHN P. ROBERTS, youngest son of James and Phoebe C. Haig, aged 18 months.

On the 8th inst. of scarlet fever, WILHELMINA FREDERICA, infant daughter of Frederick William and Caroline Miller, aged 2 years and 28 days.

On Tuesday morning, 12th inst. after a lingering illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Miss EMILY HOUSEMAN, in the 31st year of her age.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. HANNAH DOWNS, relict of the late Norton Downs, in the 78th year of her age.

On Sunday morning, December 10th, Mrs. PATIENCE EVANS, in the 88th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. HENRY GEORGE STRUP, in the 18th year of his age.

☞ JOB PRINTING

Of every description neatly executed at the Office of the Saturday Evening Post & Casket, No. 26 Carter's Alley, Three doors below 3d street.

American Theatre—Walnut St.

A CARD.

HADAWAY'S BENEFIT.

Monday Evening, Dec. 18th, 1837.

T. H. HADAWAY, grateful for past favors, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that his BENEFIT is fixed for the above night, when will be presented the following entertainments—

To commence with THE TIGER AT LARGE! OR THE CAD OF THE "BUSS"—Jem Bolt, (Cad of an Omnibus,) Mr. HADAWAY.

After which (first time in this city) a Comedy by John Baldwin Buckstone, Esq. called RURAL FELICITY—The principal character by Mesdames Kent, Proctor, Warren, White and Herbert. Messrs. Wemyss, Rice, Porter, McConachy, Herbert and Hadaway.

The whole to conclude with the Musical Entertainment of THE BEE HIVE, OR, INDUSTRY MUST PROSPER—Barnaby Mingle, (with songs) Mr. HADAWAY—Cicily, (with songs) Mrs. KENT.)

Full particulars in the bills of the day.

Box Book now open. dec 16—1t

Important to the Sick.

Liver Complaint, Six Years' Standing—Cured by Dr. Wm. Evans' Camomile Pills.

MRS. SARAH BRENHISER, wife of Mr. Amos Brenhiser, corner of Second street and Germantown Road, Philadelphia, affected for the last six years with the Liver Complaint, was completely restored to health by Dr. WM. EVANS'S Camomile Tonic and Family Aperient Pills. Her symptoms were habitual costiveness, excruciating pain in the stomach, depression of spirits, languor, extreme debility, disturbed sleep, great pain in her side, could not lie on her left side without an aggravation of pain, dizziness in the head, dimness of sight, with other symptoms indicating great derangement in the functions of the Liver. Mrs. Brenhiser has made trial of various medicines now before the public, but received no relief, until she was advised to make trial of Dr. Evans's Pills, of which she is happy to state that they effectually relieved her of the above distressing symptoms, with others, which are not essential to intimate.

Mr. Brenhiser, (husband of the above Mrs. Brenhiser,) had been two years afflicted with a distressed state of Piles and Costiveness, of which he was effectually cured.

We do hereby subscribe our signatures to the truth of the above cures, that the statement is in every respect true.

SARAH BRENHISER,
JOHN STEIF, Baker,
No. 17 north Eighth street, Philada.

Philadelphia, Oct. 21st, 1837.

Dr. WM. EVANS'S Medical Office, for the sale of his excellent Medicine, is at No. 19 north Eighth street, Philadelphia. dec 16—if

Christmas and New Years' PRESENTS.

JUST received an extensive assortment of goods, suitable for the coming season—such as Tortoiseshell and Ivory inlaid Card Cases, Pearl and Silver Goods, Ladies' Work Boxes, Writing Desks and Dressing Cases, fine Toy's, Wax Dolls and Dissected Maps, and Pictures, Games &c. Also, a fine assortment of Building Blocks, and Puzzles—Dressed Dolls—Tin Toys, Furniture for fitting Baby Houses—Battledores—Lana de Graces, Dominoes, Chessmen, Backgammon Boards, &c. together, with a general assortment of Pocket Books, Portfolios, Travelling Writing Desks, and Card Cases of my own manufacturing—and for sale at No. 23 south Fourth above Chesnut street. J. HOMER.

dec 16—2t*

Philada. Sacred Music Society.

THE Members are respectfully informed that the first Concert of the season, will be given in the Masonic Hall, Chesnut street above 7th, on Friday evening Dec. 22d, to commence at 7 o'clock.

Instrumental Conductor, H. KNAUFF.
Vocal do. D. WILLIAMS.

PART I.

Overture,	Herold.
Chorus—We praise Thee.	Handel.
Trio—The bird let loose,	Beethoven.
Chorus—Lift up your heads,	Handel.
Solo—In Thee, O Lord,	Haydn.
Trio—Star of the East,	Webb.
Chorus—O, Father, whose Almighty power,	Handel.

PART II.

Overture,	Auber.
Chorus—The Heavens are telling,	Haydn.
Flute Solo—Fantasia,	Nicholson.
Chorus—Awake the trumpet's lofty sound	Handel.
Trio—The Vintager's evening hymn,	Nelson.
Chorus—Hallelujah,	Beethoven.

A Committee of the Managers will sit at the Hall for the delivery of Tickets to subscribers, on Thursday evening, 21st inst. from 6 till 8 o'clock, and on the afternoon of the day of performance, from 3 till 5 o'clock.

dec 16—2t JAMES B. DICKSON, Sec'ry.

Interesting Case

Cured by Dr. Wm. Evans's Camomile Tonic and Family Aperient Pills.

MR. BENJAMIN BROWN, corner of Shippen and George streets, Philadelphia, affected for seven years with extreme nervousness, by which he was not able to write his name—his symptoms were, eructation, daily spasmodic pains in the head, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, giddiness and dimness of sight, utter inability of engaging in any thing that demanded vigor or courage, sickness at the stomach, impaired appetite, coldness and weakness of the extremities, emaciation, and extreme debility, disturbed rest, a sense of pressure and weight at the stomach after eating, great [illegible] pains in the chest back and side, costiveness, a dislike for society and conversation. Mr. B. has made trial of various medicines now before the public, but to no effect, until, observing in a public paper some cures performed by Dr. William Evans's Camomile Tonic and Family Aperient Pills, he was induced to give them a trial, of which he is at any time happy to state that they effectually cured him of the above distressing disease.

☞ Persons who doubt the above cure, are most respectfully directed to the above mentioned person, at the north west corner of Shippen and Georges streets.

BENJAMIN BROWN.

Philadelphia, October 26, 1837.

DR. WM. EVANS'S Medical Office for the sale of his excellent Medicine, is at No. 19 north Eighth street, Philadelphia, where his Medicine can always be obtained.

dec 16—tf

Comstock's Vocal Gymnasium AND LYCEUM FOR ELOCUTION.

THIS Institution is now open. All desirous of instruction, either for the relief of Stammering, or improvement in Elocution, may learn the conditions of

ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.
No. 100 Arch street, Philada.

N. B. Dr. Comstock informs those ladies and gentlemen who have already applied to him for his professional services in the relief of impediments of speech, that they now have an opportunity of becoming members of a class composed of ladies and gentlemen.

Certificates from Professors Horner and Hare, of the University of Pennsylvania.

Having been present on the 10th inst. at the exercise of the pupils in Dr. Andrew Comstock's Gymnasium for the improvement of the voice and of the articulation in stammerers and others, the impression made upon me was highly favorable to his method of instruction.

The system is founded upon an exact anatomical and physiological information in regard to the organs concerned in the production and modification of sound. Its several parts appear to have been evolved and matured upon a degree of thought and an extent of experiment reflecting much credit upon his sagacity and industry, and it inspires a very strong confidence of its applicability to the faults generally of speech or phonation. One of his pupils who only a week before the occasion alluded to, had been a most unpleasant stammerer, was then heard to recite publicly with great ease and fluency, with a full intonation.

W. E. HORNER, M. D.
Professor of Anatomy, in the University of Penn.

Philadelphia, Aug. 11, 1837.

Philadelphia, Aug. 14, 1837.

Having been present on the occasion alluded to in the preceding letter of the Professor of Anatomy, I have no hesitation in alleging that my impressions are consistent with those which my colleague has therein expressed.

ROBERT HARE, M. D.
Professor of Chemistry in the University of Penn.

☞ Just published, by Kay & Brothers, No. 122 Chesnut street, the second edition of Comstock's Practical Elocution, or System of Vocal Gymnastics, with various diagramic cuts, illustrative of the subject. dec 16—tf*

A First Rate Stand

For Business, to be disposed of on the Feeder Basin, in the City of Trenton, N. J.

THE subscribers wishing to discontinue their present business on account of one of the partners intending to engage in farming, offer their valuable stand, with all the fixtures, very complete, for carrying on an extensive business, including two first rate horses and carts, platform scales, &c. &c. The store house, and coal and wood yard they occupy, is large and well calculated for a mercantile business. It is well located, and convenient for the purchase of large quantities of grain and wood, &c &c. And when the outlet lock in the Pennsylvania Canal is completed, it will become the best stand for the coal business in the State, being at the head of sloop navigation. The rent of the property will be reasonable. There is attached to the establishment a first rate schooner of ninety tons burthens; and also a large canal boat, and every other facility for carrying on an extensive business, with a comparatively small capital. There is also a valuable farm of about sixty acres, twenty of which is new land, and part of it has a great deal of good timber on—this farm is situated in Lawrence township, New Jersey. Also, a ten acre lot of wood land, on the road from Pennington to Lawrenceville, with a frame tenement, and a spring of water near the door. Also, ten acres of heavy timber land, within half a mile of Fitersville, adjoining lands of Joseph Fiter's and others, and its near location to the feeder makes it immensely valuable.

The whole of this property will be sold together, or the land in separate lots to suit purchasers. There is now on hand, unsold, a good stock of Lehigh Coal, and Hickory, Oak, and Maple Wood, for the winter and spring supply. SAMUEL NEWBOLD & Co.

dec 16—3t

Agents Wanted.

THE subscriber wishes to employ a number of agents in the different counties of the United States, for the purpose of obtaining subscribers to a very popular and useful work, the terms will be such as will enable persons acquainted with the business to realise six or eight dollars per day. No one need apply without giving references, or being recommended by his neighbours.

All letters addressed to the Philadelphia Post Office, post paid, will receive attention.

dec 16—3t* JONATHAN HASLETT.

Fresh Seeds.

ORDERS for Garden Seeds, will be promptly and carefully packed in assortments to suit Western or Southern Merchants. The stock on hand is large, and of the present years' growth; it consists of the Seeds of all the best kinds of Vegetables in general use, as well as others recently introduced.

MULBERRY SEED—True Italian White Mulberry Seed.

GRASS SEED—Clover, Timothy, Orchard, Herd, and other grass seeds. Also, an assortment of Bird Seeds.

GEORGE M. COATES,
aug 26 '37—1y* No. 49 Market st. below 2d st.

Cheap Pamphlets, &c.

SALVATION by Christ—Jos Scott, 10 cts.
Trial of "Friends" in Philada. 10 "
Sermons and Prayers by J. N. Maffitt, 25 "
[illegible] of Sherman on Rushing, 12½ per doz.
[illegible] Sand [illegible] paper), 5 cts.
[illegible] sale at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, 26 [illegible] Alley. nov 15—tf

Important Caution!!

Dr. Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.

HAVING gained great popularity by the cures they have performed upon thousands of persons, whom they have restored to sound health, several unprincipled persons finding there is a great call for them, in consequence, have had the baseness to counterfeit them: LET IT BE BORNE IN MIND BY ALL, *that it is utterly impossible to obtain Dr. Brandreth's Pills, genuine, of Druggist, Apothecary, or pedlar, for they are never allowed to sell them under any circumstances whatever: therefore all sold by them* ARE COUNTERFEITS. And SURPASSING every authorised agent in Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, southern part of Indiana, and the north western country, has a certificate of agency. Signed by

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
S. TONSEY, G. B. A.

If this certificate cannot be shown, DO NOT PURCHASE. S. TONSEY.

Fourth Cross, one door from Jefferson street, Louisville, Kentucky Dr. Brandreth's General Agent, for the above named States.

St. Louis Office No. 384 Market street, St. Louis.

For description of this medicine, &c see advertisement in another part of this paper, headed Dr. Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.

DR. BRANDRETH'S Principal Offices, 199 RACE STREET, & 43 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADADELPHIA, and No. 187 HUDSON STREET, near CANAL NEW YORK. nov 11—6m

Sale of Real Estate.

VALUABLE property will be offered at private sale, in Tuckerton, Burlington county, New Jersey.

No 1—A handsome two story Tavern House, 40 feet by 25, fronting on the main street, containing about two acres of land, with out buildings—such as sheds, Ice House, barn, and stabling sufficient for said stand. Also, a blacksmith shop, fronting on the main street. The above buildings are nearly new, having an excellent well of good water in the shed at the door.

No. 2—Is a two story dwelling house, 16 by 22, fronting on the main street, with a good lot of ground for a garden.

The above properties are valuable on account of their situation, being both on the main street, and having a fine prospect of the Bay and sea coast, not surpassed by any along the shore.

The property will be sold low, as the proprietor intends leaving. If not sold at private sale the same will be offered at public sale, on the 1st day of February, 1838.

nov 18—3t BENNET ROSE, Tuckerton, N. J.

Drab Cloak Cloths.

THE subscribers have just received an invoice of superior DRAB HABIT CLOTH, of suitable qualities and shades, for Friends' Cloaks.

They have also in store an assortment of Olive, Citron, and other colored Cloths, of the proper texture for Ladies' Cloaks. ISAAC BARTON & CO.

oct 28—tf No. 27 south Second street.

A School Wanted.

A LADY wishes a School in any of the Western States—she can teach any of the English branches, or any of the Fine Arts. Recommendations of character and teacher will be given. If any person knowing where there is a good situation for a Female School, will make application, it will receive attention.

☞ All letters (free of postage) addressed to this office, will meet immediate attention. dec 2—4t*

Morus Multicaulis Seed.

FOR sale at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, a small quantity of WARRANTED GENUINE CHINESE MULBERRY SEED, just imported from China. It is put up in papers of $1 and $2, some thousands of seeds in each paper.

Also, WHITE ITALIAN MULBERRY SEED (fresh) in ounce papers, $1 per oz. dec 2—tf

Removal.

SLEEPER & BROTHER

Have removed their Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory, from No. 14 N. 3d st. to No. 116 Market st. between 3d and 4th sts. Philada. dec 2—6t

Public Sale of Valuable Real ESTATE.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, on Tuesday, the 26th day of December next, at 1 o'clock, P. M. on the premises, in Lower Merion Township, Montgomery County, all that valuable Tavern Stand (known as the Seven Stars) and plantation or tract of land, containing 30 acres, be the same more or less, late the Estate of JOHN KUGLER, deceased. Said property is handsomely situated on the Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike, 7 miles from Philadelphia, within 200 yards of the Columbia Rail Road. The improvements are a large two story stone house, conveniently divided into rooms and chambers, a good barn and extensive stabling, apple orchard and other fruit trees. The land is in a good state of cultivation, conveniently divided in fields, enclosed with good fences.

To persons wishing to engage in public business, or desiring a pleasant and agreeable country residence, the above property offers strong inducements. Persons wishing to view the property prior to the sale, will please apply to Mr. George Miller, the tenant, or the subscriber, residing near the premises.

Conditions will be [illegible] and published at the sale. CHARLES KUGLER,

dec 2—4t* Attorney for the Heirs.

Spring Wheat.

ITALIAN SPRING WHEAT, a genuine article.

GEORGE M. COATES,
dec 9—6t Seed Store, No. 49 Market, below 2d st.

Public sale of valuable real estate.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, on Thursday, the 21st [inst.] at one o'clock, P. M. at the public house of George Miller, near the premises, all that valuable farm, situate in Lower Merion Township, Montgomery county, bounded by lands of John Taylor, and lands late of John Kugler, deceased, Samuel Sanders and others, and by the Lancaster turnpike road, containing 56 acres of land, be the same more or less, a reasonable proportion of which is woodland—principally chesnut timber, of the first quality—about 4 acres are first rate watered meadow, the remainder arable land, in a high state of cultivation. It is divided into convenient fields, with an easy access to water. The improvements are a large two story frame house, and stone kitchen, stone barn, stone spring house, over a never failing spring of water, and other necessary outbuildings. A well of excellent water with a pump therein, near the door. A great number of fruit trees, such as apple, cherry, plum &c. &c. It is convenient to mills, schools, and places of worship, and within a quarter of a mile of the Columbia Rail Road, and seven miles from Philadelphia.

This property is worthy the attention of farmers, its quality, location, and other advantages, render it a desirable situation to all who are desirous of purchasing.

Persons wishing to view the premises, prior to the day of sale, will please call on George Goodman, or to the subscriber, being near the same. Conditions at sale, by

dec 9—2t* JACOB SIBLEY, Jr. Trustee.

Chinese Mulberry Trees, and Silk Publications.

10,000 Morus Multicaulis, or Chinese Mulberry Trees, from 1 to 6 feet high.

5,000 Italian Mulberry Trees, from 1 to 10 feet high.

Morus Multicaulis Seed, warranted genuine. White Italian Mulberry Seed. Silk and Agricultural publications, constantly on hand, and for sale by

THOMAS D. PERIT,
nov 25—6t 103 Chesnut st. Philada.

Drab Cloths for Cloaks.

THE subscribers have been receiving a choice assortment of Drab Habit Cloths and Coatings, suitable for Cloaks. Also, Cloth Shawls, of different shades, French and English Merinoes, Merino and other Shawls, and an extensive assortment of SILK GOODS.

Also, Sheetings, Damask Table Linens, Quilts, Blankets, Tickings, Furniture Chintzes and Dimities, and other FURNISHING DRY GOODS.

TOWNSEND SHARPLESS & SON,
nov 18—4t[illegible] 38 S. Second st. Philada.

Just Received,

A SMALL case of Chinese Mulberry Seed, direct from Canton, warranted fresh and genuine. For sale by

THOMAS D. PERIT,
dec 2—3t 103 Chesnut street.

To Let,

A COMMODIOUS and pleasant dwelling house, No. 24 N. w st. Apply at No. 280 North Second, near Noble street. nov 25—4t*

For Sale—an Old Established BLACKSMITH STAND,

SITUATED in the village of HOLMESBURG, on the Frankford and Bristol Turnpike Road, about 9 miles from Philadelphia, well situated for a Wagon and Plough Maker, and in the midst of Farmers, Manufactories, Saw and Grist Mills, and two Stages running daily to and from Philadelphia, containing nearly one acre of land,

upon which is erected a large Stone Shop, 30 feet by 20 in the clear, a Shoeing Shed, a two story Frame Dwelling House and Kitchen, a Wood shed, and a good Stone Smoke House, and Pump in a well of excellent water.

All the stock of Iron and Tools can be had with the property, if desired. Conditions—one-third of the purchase money of the Real Estate can remain secured thereon if required, and a good title given, clear of all incumbrance. Possession given of the Shop on the 1st day of March next, as the subscriber is about removing to the west. If not sold by the 1st of February next, it will be to Rent, by applying to the subscriber, residing thereon.

WILLIAM GRAHAM,
Or to WM. L. POTTS & SON, No. 161 North Second st. Philadelphia. dec 2—4t*

Baker's Intelligence Office,

Established in May, 1811—the S. E. corner of Chesnut and (entrance in) Third street—up stairs.

PROCURES Houses and Parts—Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Barmaids, Gardners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Barkeepers, Grooms, Hostlers, Porters, Housekeepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Child's Maids, Men and Women Cooks, Travelling Men and Women, Dairy Maids, Bound Children, and bought Servants.

A House Keeper wants a situation.
A Wet Nurse wants a situation.
Wanted, a Child to wet nurse.
COAL, of the first quality, FOR SALE.
Wanted, a Scotch Shepherd. nov 18—3t*

Silver Plate, Spoon and Fork MANUFACTORY,

South-West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.

THE Subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business, or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufacturing prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '34—tf R. & W. WILSON.

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

GEMS OF AMERICAN POESY.

A PORTRAIT.

Was pale, but very beautiful; her lip
Had a most delicate outline, and the tint
Was deeper; but her countenance was like
The majesty of angels.—N. P. WILLIS.

ANOTHER.

Her closed lip,
Were delicate as the tender pencillings
Of veins upon a flower; and on her cheek,
The timid blood had faintly melted through,
Like something that was half afraid of light.
There was no slighter print upon the grass,
Than her elastic step, and in her frame
There was a perfect symmetry, that seemed
Aerial as a bird's.—PINKNEY.

HAPPINESS.

—Wheresoe'er, the true affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SUNRISE.

Night trembled on her throne; and furling up
Her starry banner, to the conquering sun,
Whose cat of flame rolled up the eastern hills,
Resigned the silver sceptre of her reign.
N. C. MORRIS.

THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

If I, and, for mark the bowed with age
Sink in the halls of the remorseless tomb,
Closing the changes in life's pilgrimage,
In the still darkness of its moulding gloom.
Oh! what a shadow o'er the heart is flung
When peals the requiem of the loved and young.
W. G. CLARK.

BEAUTY SHRINKS BEFORE SORROW.

—As with gentle winds and waters cool,
So tastes at sorrow's touch young beauty's bloom
A. HOMER.

THE RAVAGE OF DISEASE.

—Fell disease had made
Her bestar, his lasting place; and with a hand
Unerring, from each had snatched the rose
To wear it, in his own foul bosom.
THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

THE EAGLE.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rearest aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances drawn,
When strride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given,
To gaze on more than mortal eyes can bear.—DRAKE.

FALL OF GENIUS.

There's naught on earth,
So touching and terrific, as to mark
The ruined mind in mighty fragments hurled
And reason trembling on her lofty throne.
LOFLAND.

Henry Lord Falkland being brought early into the House of Commons, a grave senator objected to his youth, and said 'he looked as if he lived not seven his wild oats.' 'Then I am come to the proper place, where there is a goose to pick them up,—was the quick and caustic reply.

Typographical Mistake.—A new apprentice to the printing business, who had been cook's scullion on board a ship, in putting a certificate of the efficacy of Evans's Pills in type, caused it to read, instead of 'remove the flying pains from the chest,' &c. 'frying pans,' &c.

A Barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that his wisdom were very unprovisional. 'You are right,' replied his friend; 'a lawyer cannot be too barefaced.'

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A young sportsman having rode out on a 'shining excursion,' was accidentally knocked off his horse, and so completely absorbed was he to the pursuit of the snipe, that he jumped off his gun shouldered his horse, and set off in full till. He did not discover his mistake until he went to shoot, when he and he hold his gun kicked him over and left the bird unhurt. This is from the Licking Democrat, which pretty well licks up all previous accounts of that remarkable faculty called 'absence of mind.'

THE REAL ASS.—An innkeeper in England requested Lord Wellington to permit him to place his portrait over the door of his house, which was hitherto known as the sign of the ass; his lordship having consented, the new sign was hung up in due form, but a knowing one to the same line of business, hoisted up the old sign over the door: and the sign of the ass being a well known stopping place travellers poured in at the door to refreshment, to the great regret and mortification of the Wellington, who to prevent utter desertion wrote under the portrait of the noble duke, "*This is the real ass.*"

CONVERSATION.—Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without ostentatiousness, novel without falsehood.—*Shakespeare.*

Sir Francis Bacon was wont to commend much the advice of a plain man at Buxton, who who sold brooms. A proud lazy young fellow came to him for a broom upon trust, to whom the old man said, Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy land and thy body, then if need ask thee for't: I should be dunning thee every day.

A fellow fell in company where they had been drinking brandy and cider, till it tripped up most of their heels. 'What do you call this kind of stuff?' said he. 'Sampson,' replied one, 'you might as well call it Pharaoh, said he, 'for I will not let the people go.

THE DANGER OF WIDOWS.

'As I don't relevire any o your conversation just now, Mum, will you have the goodness to return,' enquired Mr. Weller, in a grave and steady voice. 'Well, Mr. Weller, said the buxom female, 'I'm sure I only spoke to you out of kindness.' 'Verry likely, Mum,' replied Mr. Weller, 'Samuvel, show the lady out and shut the door arter her.' This hint was not lost upon the buxom female, for she at once left the room, and slammed the door after her—upon which Mr. Weller senior, falling back in his chair in a violent perturbation, said—'Samivel, if I was to stop here alone vun week—only vun week, my boy—that are 'oman 'ud marry me by force and violence afore it was over—Vich, as she so verry fond on you!' enquired Sam. 'Fond!' replied his father, 'I can't bear her away from me. If I was locked up in a fire proof chest with a patent Brahman, she'd find means to get at me, Samivel.' 'Wot a thing it is to be sought arter!' observed Sam, smiling. 'Ah! you'll take no pride out on it, Samivel,' replied Mr. Weller, poking the fire vehemently, it is a horrid sitivation. I'm actually druv out of house and home by it. My breath was scarcely out o' your poor mother-in-law's vun hundred and vun'ns minds me a pot o' jam, and smothur a pot o' jelly, and smothur brews a blessed large jug o' cammomile tea, and she brings it with her own hands to me. Mr. Weller paused with an aspect of intense disgust, and looking round added in a solemn voice, 'They are all waiders Samivel, all on em, capt the cannibal's vich was, as was a single young lady of fifty-three.—*Pickwick Club.*

CONSCIENCE IN THE MORNING HOUR.—In Bulwer's last novel, Ernest Maltravers, in the following passage gives an apt to compare the voice of conscience with the stillness of midnight. But I think we may find innocent hour. It is that terrible NEXT MORNING, when reason is wide awake, upon which remorse fastens its fangs. Has a man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel—has he committed a crime, or incurred a debt—in the next morning when the irretrievable past rises before him like a spectre—then doth the closed vault of memory yield up its greatly dead; then is the witching hour when the foul deed comes back at least tempt perhaps, but most torment. At night we have one thing to hope for, one refuge to fly to—sleep and sleep!—But at morning, sleep is over, and we are called upon coldly to review and to meet and live again the waking bitterness of self-reproach.

EASY METHOD OF PURIFYING WATER.—Take a common garden pot, in the inside of which place a piece of wicker work, on which spread a layer of charcoal of four or five inches in thickness, and above the charcoal a quantity of sand. The surface of the sand is to be covered with paper pierced full of holes, to prevent the water from making channels in it. By this process, which is at once simple and economical, every person is enabled to procure himself water at a very trifling expense.

Extract from a Lecture on Popular Delusions delivered before the Young People's Institute, Providence.

A TRUE STORY.

A young gentleman of my acquaintance, in other respects a very intelligent person, was a firm believer in ghosts and witches. He had a brother residing in Boston, as head clerk in a mercantile establishment in that city. The gentleman related to me the following narrative, in a manner of removing my scepticism on the subject.

"My brother," said he, "was seized with a disorder in his head. At night he retired to bed, at an early hour, and lying in the books and papers of which he had charge, on a table at the side of his bed, which was his usual practice, dropped into a slumber, in the face for a short time, then vanished, and left him again in total darkness.

The second and third nights the same vision was repeated. The young man became restless and melancholy—immediately returned home to his brother's house—continued to grow more unwell—was finally confined to his bed by a raging fever—and, in defiance of medical skill, was finally attacked with delirium—and, in the course of a few weeks, died a raving maniac."

This is one of the most striking, and best authenticated cases of which I have ever read, or heard.—My friend religiously believed the vision, as he was then a brother, of his disease and death. Not so with me. The first item in the narrative was an ample key to the entire mystery. The disorder of the mind commenced first,—the brain was affected,—the mind was diseased,—imagination, perhaps in the incipient stage of a confused slumber, created the vision —the impression made on the mind caused its repetition, and which would probably have continued but for change of scene—the conviction of reality produced sickness, and the effect of the malady—and finally, what was supposed a warning, that when it was in fact, the effect of disease, doubtless proved one cause of accelerating the prostration of reason, and the work of death.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—A circumstance of some novelty in the annals of matrimony occurred a short time ago—it was the union of a couple, whose previous relative connection was such as to produce consequences, in the aspect, of a most extraordinary and ludicrous description. An old man aged 76—unexpected at the entry with a girl 37, as his intended bride—while her sister two years older, was led thither by the grandsire of her husband, and the most curious result of these alliances are as follows:—The grandsire becomes father to his own grandson, and a sister in his wife—his spouse must subsequently be much nearer aged to her husband, to the venerable spitfet of grandmother from her eldest sister—and the young man may address the husband of 17 as his grandmother's sister at pleasure—while his wife may claim, as her just right, by reason of marriage, the submission of her sister, or to be called upon to exercise in the respectful docility of a grandaughter towards her.

CURIOUS DISEASE OF THE LUNGS.—The investigation of diseases affecting individuals of different kinds, is one of the most important, and of the attention of medical men; and every thing which will aid them in this investigation must be beneficial to the community. We find in an English paper, that a medical gentleman of Edinburgh, has lately turned his attention to a disease of the lungs, caused by the deposition of small particles of lime in the individual, a person, who had been twenty-five years employed in the Craigleith quarry, near Edinburgh, died of diseased lungs. After death the lungs were dissected, and there were found to contain particles like *malmedar*, and which cut like cartilage. A chemical analysis of these particles took place, and it was found that there contained *carbonate of lime, sylica, and alumena* which composed the substance of which the Craigleith stone is formed, which led to the deduction that the diseased lungs were caused by a deposition of particles of the stone.

Among the many aspects in which human nature is contemplated with curiosity and interest, that exhibited in advanced age is one, for its benevolent and devout, peculiarly attractive.

During the past week a writer was led to visit one of those centenarians, who has already been referred to in public prints, and who, after numerous years and exceptional health, reside her case peculiarly remarkable. She is approaching 107 years of age, having been born in August, 1731. Her name is Evans; and her residence on the top of a mountain in Windsor, Berkshire county, Massachusetts. She is a native of Connecticut, and has had a long and devoted residence, more than half a century. Although deprived of small relations, and of property, and subject, in early life to considerable feeble health, and subsequently to infirmities, she has enjoyed a long life of industry, in a healthy atmosphere, more apparently than the usual average longevity. Mrs. Torry resides with her child, a lady more than 80 years of age, who was among one of the pioneers of the settlement, live with a son and his family; so that here are four generations all under one roof, and the mother of the family all those heavenly virtues which constitute a high degree to the description of the just and its pilgrims.

Her settlement, too, sometimes called 'the Bush,' being at the east part of Windsor, was commenced by several other enterprising young families from the shore of Massachusetts bay, still live to enjoy the numerous and abundant fruits of their early industry, and to participate with their numerous descendants, the blessings in a growing country, which is the boast of farmer's life. Where first the tall sugar tree and sturdy oak had stood for centuries, the shelter and shade of which sheltered the wild deer in strong and well subdued soil, ornamented with productive orchards, and the occupier of the richest flocks, furnishes its rich supplies to the intelligent and industrious market of the country, and labors it was cleared. The well constructed and neatly painted dwelling has long since filled the place of the original log cabin or the Indian wigwam.

And that of the mothers who at the prime of life, came hither with her children to commence the foundation of this interesting scene, is still permitted, by a benignant Providence, to unite with them in the quiet repose, social endearment, and practice of religion in the patriarchal scene. No brawl, no revel, no intoxicating draught has ever entered the dwelling, nor invades the peace of this sequestered neighborhood. Its territory abounds too, in fruitful grain, one of which, a new crystal specimen, called the Indian corn, is the boast of the American continent. Its varieties are numerous. To Southern gentlemen travelling at the North for health, it is recommended that they may actively seek early settlement, its little church and schools, and especially the Sabbath, with the enjoyment of the patriarchal matron, are peculiarly adapted to the most gratifying interest of the heart.—*New Gen.*

THE INVOLUNTARY CRIME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

After having practised medicine a long time in the Rue de Bac, Paris, Dr. Lasone, a man fully justified his reputation, was called to the court of Louis XVI, and received the appointment of physician to the queen. The effect of this appointment was to make the fortune of the physician. Dr. Lasone was not long in becoming the fashionable physician of Paris, when an extraordinary event changed his course in the midst of his days and his labors.

M. De Lasone was director of a course of anatomy at the college of France. He was engaged in demonstrating to his pupils, and in obedience to his orders, had placed one day upon the table of his lecture room the body of a man, he was to make his demonstrations.—The hour arrived, the professor entered the room with his pupils and he had not yet made his appearance, and one of his pupils was deputed to go and see whether he was sick or not. He went to the apartment in his cabinet with a couple of women. The one was the mother of the other, and was pretty well advanced in years, the other was quite young.

Alas, Monsieur,' said the old woman, 'I shall never see my unfortunate son whom you have condemned to death.'

'I made, Madam, all the efforts that it was possible for me to make to save him, but the reason, but science is limited, and death was too powerful for me.'

'Believe me, Mademoiselle,' addressing the young girl, 'that it was out of the power of man to save him, and that he died with courage.'

'Ah! my father, my father!' exclaimed the young girl, 'that it was out of the power of man to save him, but that he died with courage, that is what I cannot believe.'

'Mademoiselle,' said the old woman, 'I shall never see my unfortunate son whom you have condemned to death.'

'I made, Madam, all the efforts that it was possible for me to make to save him, but the reason, but science is limited, and death was too powerful for me.'

'Believe me, Mademoiselle,' addressing the young girl, 'that it was out of the power of man to save him, but that he died with courage, that is what I cannot believe